

LETTERS
FROM
CALIFORNIA
BY
D. L. PHILLIPS

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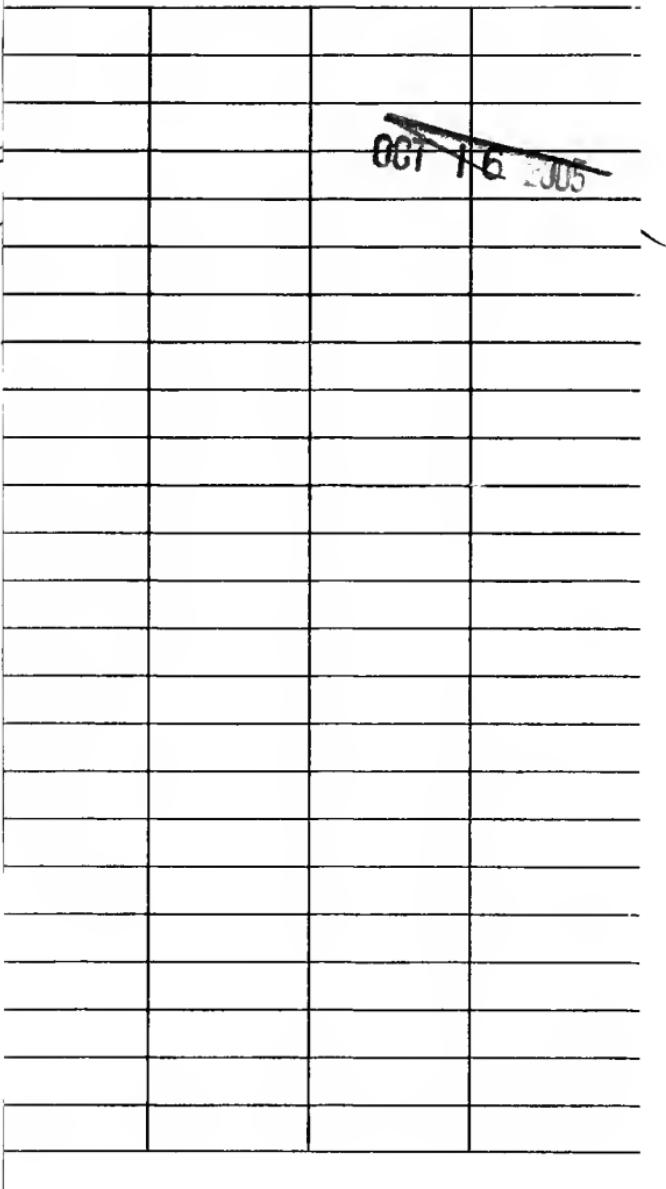


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White '06
Given by
Ruth F. Irish '22

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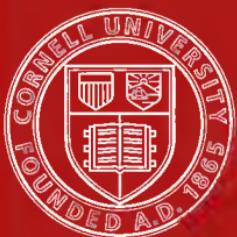
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Letters from California: its mountains.



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LETTERS

FROM

CALIFORNIA:

ITS MOUNTAINS, VALLEYS, PLAINS,
LAKES, RIVERS, CLIMATE
AND PRODUCTIONS.

ALSO ITS

RAILROADS, CITIES, TOWNS AND PEOPLE,
AS SEEN IN 1876.

BY

D. L. PHILLIPS.
"

SPRINGFIELD :
ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL Co.
1877.
34

by Ruth F. Tris.

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THESE LETTERS
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOHN EDWARD PHILLIPS,
BY
HIS FATHER.

PREFACE.

I was induced to visit the Pacific Coast in the hope of securing the restoration of the health of my son, who had been pronounced incurably ill, in this climate, of consumption. My stay in California was so protracted, that my letters to the ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL became far more numerous than I thought of when the first one was written; and they were made to include a number of topics I did not expect to write about when I left home. On my return, I was asked by many, whose judgments I greatly respect, to re-publish the letters in a more permanent form than in the columns of a daily paper; but the death of my son, and the many neglected matters occasioned by my long absence, have prevented my doing so until now.

In reproducing, in book-form, my letters, written under so many disadvantages, I beg to say a single word. I claim for them no literary perfection. I gave my impressions of what I saw during my journeyings, in such language as suggested itself to me at the moment of writing, and have made no material changes.

I desire permission to thank my friends for their kindly words of approbation of the contents of the letters, and hope that I may be favored with words of equal warmth in again sending to the public these rambling epistles.

D. L. P.

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LETTER No. I.

The Journey from Springfield to San Francisco—Comforts and Annoyances of the Trip—The Transfer Nuisance between Council Bluffs and Omaha—Passenger Agent Kimball—Valley of the Platte—Cheyenne—The Summit—The Dining Stations—Characteristics of the Pacific Slope—The Humboldt, Truckee and American River Valleys—The Arrival at San Francisco.



TRIP across the continent is no longer a noteworthy incident in the life of an American citizen. The Orient and the Occident are forever joined together by bands of iron and steel, and the great trans-continental highway, with one terminus holding the trade and commerce of the Atlantic and the other grasping the wealth of the Pacific, is too familiar to the reader to warrant the waste of either time or space in anything like an extended description.

To one who, like myself, had not visited the Pacific coast, the journey from Springfield, by the way of Chicago, to Omaha and San Francisco, was like a fairy tale—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The country between Chicago and Omaha spanned by the Rock Island and Pacific railroad, is a magnificent portion of the great Valley of the Mississippi, of which no citizen of any one of the great central States of this Union can ever cease to be justly proud. In that great valley, and in those proud states, shall forever reside the all-controlling, coherent power which shall combine in one harmonious whole the family of

States, which, for ages to come, shall grow and prosper as the homes of freemen on the American continent.

We had intended to go from Chicago to Omaha, over the Chicago and Northwestern railway, whose able and accomplished superintendent, Marvin Hughitt, Esq., had kindly furnished us transportation over his lines; but on the evening of the 8th instant he informed us that the floods, which then prevailed all over Western Iowa, had impeded travel on the Northwestern road, and advised us not to move until he had informed us, on the morning of the 9th, as to its condition. Early in the morning, he advised us that his lines were broken, and no trains for Omaha would attempt to leave Chicago that day. On inquiring, we learned that the Rock Island and Pacific railroad was undisturbed, and its trains would leave on time. Hugh Riddle, Esq., the general superintendent of the road, with that courtesy that marks so prominently his official life, and makes his lines so popular with the traveling public, furnished us with transportation over his road to Omaha, thus showing that an editor is not always unappreciated, and that railroad managers know how to sympathize with the feelings of one wending his weary way to a remote portion of the earth, seeking a new climate—a new atmosphere—in the hope of prolonging the life of an individual member of his family. In this public manner, the writer desires to say to Messrs. Hughitt and Riddle that their kindness and tender solicitude for the comfort and welfare of himself and son, an almost helpless invalid, will be garnered up among the precious treasures of memory, never to be forgotten, and will be worth far more than the silver of Nevada or the gold of California.

The trip to Omaha—or, rather, to Council Bluffs, the western terminus of the Rock Island and Pacific railroad—could not have been more pleasant. The management of the line seems to be almost perfect. From the terminal station of the five or six railways at Council Bluffs, it is, including the bridge across the Missouri river, about four miles to Omaha. These four miles, including the bridge, belong to a distinct corporation, independent of any of the roads on either side of the river. It is called the “Transfer Company,” or something of that sort.

No through trains are permitted to pass over it, and all baggage has to be transferred to the cars of this vile nuisance to the traveling public, and, to reach Omaha, each passenger has to get out of the cars on a platform, uncovered, and there remain till the "transfer train" comes over from Omaha to fleece him out of fifty cents for hauling him four miles. The roads centering at Council Bluffs are not permitted, except at rates that amount to downright robbery, to pass over this "transfer" piece of road into Omaha; nor is the Union Pacific railroad allowed to pass over to the point of the junction in Iowa, as it is tied up by contract, in some way, to the city of Omaha, to forever maintain its shops and eastern terminus in that city. Indeed, Omaha ought, it would seem, to remain perpetually the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific railroad, and those from the east ought to pass directly into the city, and the "transfer" outrage be wiped out.

TRANSFER ANNOYANCES.

On the morning of the 10th instant, the Rock Island and Pacific railroad delivered, at the eastern end of this "transfer" line, in the open prairie, on the platform without cover, nine car loads of passengers—men, women and children. The baggage, that was checked through to Omaha, was unmercifully tumbled out of the cars on the platform, flung on trucks, and thence into ordinary box-cars, to be "transferred" to Omaha. The writer saw a lady, with three children, load her trunk and other articles of baggage on a truck, and haul it to the train, and with her own hands place it on the cars, to be taken across the river, while overgrown, lazy "galoots," in the employ of this corporation licensed to plunder passengers, were walking about, and manifesting about as much interest in the passengers as they would have done in so many Texas steers. For more than an hour did we wait, when at last the "transfer train" arrived. It came, locomotive in front, and coupled on to the box-cars into which had been tumbled the baggage, express and mail matter. The engine was thus feruled at the head with box-cars and at the tail with passenger coaches. Of course there was a rush for the latter, when it was found that more

than one-half of them were locked up. Those unlocked were speedily as much crammed as returning cars from a State fair, or on an excursion on the 4th of July; while the platforms on the locked cars were crowded to suffocation, and not for ten minutes—and until the absolute impossibility of crowding humanity any farther into the unlocked cars was evident—were the others opened. I heard a late Major General make a car smell of brimstone by his cogent expletives; he declared afterwards that he had not delivered himself, *ore rotundo*, so extensively for years before. The crowd *indorsed* all he said. The President, Attorney General, Congress—somebody—ought to break up this diabolical nuisance and steal.* That the commerce of six great lines of transportation—most of them land-grant roads—and the trade and travel over the Union and Central Pacific railroads (not only endowed by immense land grants, but subsidized by more than \$60,000,000 of the money of the nation), should be subjected to this species of annoyance, outrage and legalized petty larceny—should be tolerated a single day—is an insult to the whole country. It is of no sort of importance who own and manage this bob-tailed corporate robber and perpetual nuisance. Let it be wiped out at once. Let every journal in the country denounce it until it no longer harasses trade, robs the public, and insults and outrages the whole traveling community over these great national highways.

A HAPPY CHANGE.

At Omaha, the annoyances and troubles of the traveler cease. The excellence of the management of the Union Pacific railroad could not well be improved. A just sense of obligation to the traveler seems to manifest itself in every servant of the road, from the general superintendent down to the brakemen. Nothing necessary to the comfort of passengers is overlooked or omitted. The physical condition of the road is, in all respects, first-class, and the cars are as clean, airy and luxurious as any in the United States.

*Since the above was written, the Supreme Court of the United States has remedied the evil, in a final decision making Council Bluffs, in Iowa, the eastern terminus of the Union Pacific railroad.

PERSONAL.

Among the officers of the company, and as an old and warmly esteemed friend, I wish to make special mention of Thomas L. Kimball, Esq., the able, accomplished, faithful, and universally popular General Ticket and Passenger Agent of the road. Mr. Kimball has, measurably, spent his life in railroad service. He was long the western freight and passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railway, in Chicago, from whence he was transferred to his present position at Omaha. This gentleman met us on the platform when we stepped from the dirty cars of the double-end "transfer train," and if anything was omitted to make our trip to San Francisco comfortable and pleasant, neither Mr. Kimball nor the writer will ever know it. He secured our tickets, checked our baggage, selected our sleeping-berths—the very best in the sleeping car—and in these courtesies saved us the annoyances incident to standing for half an hour to get tickets and another half hour in checking baggage, each piece of which is carefully weighed if too heavy, and fifteen cents per pound charged on the excess of all baggage to San Francisco weighing over 100 pounds for each person. Ours, Mr. Kimball checked through in person. We speak especially of Mr. Kimball, first, as a friend and for his friendly offices, and in the second place, to commend one of the best officers we know of in the railroad service in the country.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COUNTRY.

The trains for San Francisco leave Omaha about noon. Nothing can be more pleasant than the afternoon run up the Platte river. A better country for agricultural purposes can not be found west of the Missouri than that which stretches back of Omaha for 350 miles, up the Platte Valley. Here the hardy emigrants of 1855-6, during the days of the Kansas troubles, found peaceful, quiet homes, and twenty years have filled this beautiful country with a population equal in industry, intelligence and morals to any in the country. Hundreds of great farms lie on each side of the river. Bright, cheerful residences greet the eye, and barns and out-buildings of all

classes tell the story of an industrious, prosperous and happy people. We saw many thousands of acres of timber land, which were planted out many years ago, now ample for the farmers' use. There are beautiful groves, planted to screen the home-stead from the northern winds and protect the stock, as well as vistas reaching far in the background to the bright and cheerful farm house, and hundreds of miles of trees are set out around the farms. Trees now from 50 to 100 feet high are seen in Nebraska, as you sweep across her vast fields of farm lands on your journey to the west, where, a few years ago, there was nothing but the grass of the plains.

It is not until you reach the western limits of Nebraska, and touch the eastern borders of Wyoming Territory, that the mountains are discovered. They are first seen about Bushnell, 460 miles west from Omaha. Here Pike's Peak, lying far to the southwest, in the Territory of Colorado, and other lofty peaks of the Rocky Mountains, are seen pushing their snow-capped summits high towards heaven, and gleaming in the sunlight like burnished silver. To the northwest lie the Black Hills, looking like banks of clouds piled up against the far distant horizon. As Cheyenne is approached, and the outlines of the mountains become more and more clearly defined, the vegetable kingdom fades out of sight. First the trees, then the grass, the weeds and flowers, and then all else save the perpetual, everlasting sage brush, which hangs on to the very waters of the Pacific Ocean.

Cheyenne is a place from whence supplies to the distant forts and mines will be sent for many years, and hence it will continue to be a place of much importance. It has many good and substantial brick houses, some fine stores and public buildings, and indicates a good degree of thrift and enterprise; but it has no trees, no shrubs, no flowers, no gardens. Around it, as far as the eye can reach, all is a barren, treeless and ashen waste.

West of Cheyenne, without any sharp curves or heavy grades, the summits of the mountains are reached at Sherman, the highest point between Omaha and San Francisco, being an elevation of 8,242 feet above the level of the sea. At this great

altitude the air was piercing and cold, and from the rifting clouds eddying about the mountains, hail and snow came down enough to whiten the earth, and make one think of the chill days of December. The sensation produced by the rarity of the atmosphere at so great an elevation, is by no means pleasant. The face feels swollen with blood, the eyes are pained, the ears tingle and are uncomfortable, and the nostrils are hot and dry, and for the first and only time the writer's nose really bled. Headache was complained of by nearly all, and some invalids were much distressed for breath. The invalid son of the writer, however, experienced no inconvenience, but seemed to rather enjoy the inhalation of the chill and intensely rare air.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

The impressiveness of the scenery in the Rocky Mountains is not so overwhelming as the fancy of the poet would suggest. Gradually and steadily, for half a day, the mountains are approached. The ascending grades of the road bring you more and more to their level. You see no fearful yawning chasms below, nor cloud-piercing mountains hanging over you. The mighty hills continue their well-rounded and wavy successions upward and upward, while their summits are constantly and easily reached through depression succeeding depression, until the summit at Sherman is attained. Here the grandeur of the scenery reaches the sublime, and

"Rocks on rocks, promiscuous hurl'd,
Seem fragments of a former world."

Pike's Peak, and many other historic elevations of these mountains, some of them 175 miles distant, are seen rearing their awful heads in the sky, seemingly only a few miles distant. The mountains are almost absolutely bare of verdure, and there is only here and there a stunted pine or oak, that seem to have warred forever for footholds in these scenes of weird and awful desolation.

From the summit the descent is rapid, and the only very noticeable point is Dale's Creek Bridge—a structure across a ravine, at the bottom of which lies the little silver thread of a stream, 126 feet below the rails. The bridge is of wood, some

500 feet long, and the scenery from the center of it is really very fine.

But the grandest scenery is found in the Wahsatch Mountains, east of Ogden. The trains pick their way from cañon to cañon, while for many miles the mountains tower in vast beetling cliffs overhead, thousands of feet high. In the presence of such awfully sublime scenery one does not care to talk. Indeed, I noticed that there was not much conversation as we swept along and around these mighty monuments of Infinite Power, as well as mute but overwhelming witnesses of the littleness of man.

TOWNS, STATIONS AND SETTLEMENTS.

Of the towns, stations and dining places along the road, nestled in these mountain fastnesses, it is unnecessary to speak. They are small, but answer fully the ends and purposes for which they were intended. The eating places are all under railroad control, if not owned by the companies, and can not be too highly spoken of. The food is good, ample in variety, and ample time is given to eat it. At all these places, the railroad companies—both the Union and Central Pacific—have managed to have a cool front yard, some trees, shrubs and flowers, and a bubbling fountain with an irrigated garden in the rear. Sometimes the water is brought for many miles—in one instance I was told it was piped to the station from a point 15 miles distant. These are “oases” indeed. The force of that word never impressed my mind as during our trip over these roads.

On Weber river, some distance east of Ogden, are seen two Mormon settlements. They lie on both sides of Weber river, a stream about as large as Spring creek, near Springfield. Their lands are all irrigated. Their houses are small, and their farms match the houses, and I should think that the crops fitly harmonize with the houses and farms. The corn was dismally small, the potatoes looked small, and all else ran in the same groove. It seems to me that the Mormons pay a pretty high figure for their peculiar “twin relict of barbarism.” I incline to the belief that, if Illinois farmers had to make livings on

such places, the insane asylums would be crowded, the poor houses overrun and the coroners kept busy.

ON THE WESTWARD SLOPE.

At Ogden, the end of the Union Pacific railroad and the eastern terminus of the Central Pacific, the valley of Salt Lake is touched. Running around the northern extremity of the lake the great American Desert is reached. For 200 miles the country is arid, flat, without water, and as desolate as if, in anger, the Almighty had intended that the foot of man should never tread this desert waste. Dust—alkaline dust—filling the eyes, mouth, nose and lungs, and making one very impatient, is about all that need be said of this uninhabitable portion of the American Continent. At Halleck Station, 631 miles from San Francisco, are reached the waters of Humboldt river, which stream is followed by the railroad for over 300 miles, until, as the boys would say, it “runs into the ground,” which is, I believe, literally true of this river, as it disappears in a lake of sand, called “Humboldt Sink.” At Wadsworth, 329 miles from San Francisco, the line of railway strikes the valley of the Truckee river, and through the magnificent cañons and sublime scenery of the Sierra Nevada mountains, lying on the western side of the State of Nevada, at a point about 280 miles from San Francisco, the road enters the eastern side of the State of California. This point was reached in the night time. I had grown so tired of desert wastes and treeless mountains, that I sat up in my sleeping berth to catch the first view of the glorious pines of the Sierra Nevadas. As they began to appear, and the gleaming waters of the Truckee reflected their glittering sheen in the brilliant moonlight, the weariness of days of journeying was forgotten, and I literally feasted my eyes and rejoiced that I again saw trees and water. From this point until we reached Sacramento, the trees, the shrubs, the flowers, the gardens, the orchards, the vineyards, the houses and farms, the horses, the people, the mines (where placer digging has long since given way to the more expensive but successful hydraulic process,) the all but interminable water flumes, and many other things of interest, with the recol-

lection of how this State was wrested from the unenterprising Mexican in 1846, and thereafter secured to freedom by the blood of Ferguson and Broderick, and the unquailing courage and eloquence of Baker, Lippincott, and a host of others—these objects and reflections occupied my thoughts, and I could hardly believe that we had reached the capital of California, until the long bridge across the American river, and the glittering dome of the capital, awoke me from my reverie.

THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY.

From Sacramento to San Francisco the distance is 140 miles. The country down the Valley of the Sacramento is as level as a floor, and aside from the towns, of which the pretty little cities of Stockton and Lathrop are the chief ones, there is little to interest the eye, except wind-mills, which no man can number, scattered all over the valley, to pump water. In some places the eye was actually teased and tantalized with these mills, and the impression would force itself on the mind that each farmer had tried to see how many he could put up. In some instances, both in the country and towns, they seemed actually perched up on the gable end of the family residence, and a tub or tank set up in the back yard, after the similitude of a railroad water tank, which is kept pumped full, both for domestic use and the irrigation of the garden. This is all right, as nothing ever freezes, so the pipes and hose are all safe; but the sensation of one of those wind-mill pumps, churning away almost on the top of the house, would, it seems, be about as unpleasant as it used to be to sleep in a room in a hotel adjoining an old-fashioned screw elevator. Besides, the things are not, to the eye, architecturally, a very handsome appendage to the finish of the house.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The approach to San Francisco, or to the head of the bay of that name, is through some treeless hills, anything but pleasing to the eye; but, as soon as the bay is in view, verdure and beauty break upon the senses in all directions, for the suburbs of Oakland, the prettiest city in California, are then reached.

The evening of the day on which we arrived at San Francisco, after leaving Oakland and running out on the pier three miles into the bay, in the direction of San Francisco, was most uncomfortably cool. A heavy fog, late in the afternoon, invests the city at this time of the year, and the winds from the ocean are chilly and severe on persons of weak lungs or feeble constitutions. On reaching the city we drove at once to the Grand Hotel, where we kept a good fire burning in our rooms until we retired for the night. The next day a fire burned in our rooms all day, and was a most grateful relief from the chilly air and piercing wind which blew gently in the forenoon, and increased to a stiff breeze after 1 o'clock.

My impressions of San Francisco, its trade, banks, exchange and other things, must be reserved for another letter, as this is now far too long.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Sept. 27, 1875.

LETTER No. II.

Peculiarities of the Climate—Early History of San Francisco—Its Architectural Characteristics—Public Buildings—The old Mission Dolores—San Francisco Public Schools—Public Libraries—Manufactures—The California Railroads—Scenery—Possibilities of a San Francisco Fire.



Y letter of the 27th left us in our rooms at the Grand Hotel, in this city, warming ourselves by a fire which would be grateful in Springfield on a cold day in November. The difficulty with the climate here is this: the trade winds blow the entire summer from the Ocean, and after 12 o'clock, meridian, often become very strong. These, added to the fogs which hang over the city during the mornings and evenings at all seasons except during winter, completely obscuring the sun, make the air of San Francisco anything but pleasant to invalids or anybody else. This evening, while I write, the windows are closed and the room is damp and chilly —far too much so for comfort.

THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In 1835 a Captain Richardson put up the first house ever erected in this city, now teeming with a population of 200,000 souls. Forty years ago, except the little wooden tenement built by Richardson, the site of this great commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast consisted of a number of dreary sand hills, a few small depressions and bits of flat lands, buttressed up in the rear by the frowning fragments of the Coast Range mountains.

The bay was shallow for a great distance out, just as Lake Michigan in front of Chicago is, and the wildest dream of the human mind could not have descried the glories that now invest this Occidental miracle of the latter half of the nineteenth century. A little peninsula, bounded on the north by the channel leading inland from the Golden Gate (the mouth of San Francisco Bay,) and on the east by the southern arm of the bay, furnishes the ground on which rests a city, which is, in the near future, to draw to its docks, and control for ages, most of the trade and traffic of the Pacific Ocean and the wealth and luxuries of the Oriental World.

The best business portion of the city stands upon made land or lands filled in to reach deep water in the bay. Twenty-five years ago, Montgomery street was next the water, or Front street. Now, between it and the docks are Battery, Sansome, Davis and Front streets—four blocks—and upon this made land stand the great business houses, the site of the United States Postoffice and Custom House, and five of the largest hotels in the city; and here, on this new earth, the bulk of the business of the city is transacted. Market Street is to San Francisco, what State street is, and is to be, to Chicago. It extends back through the city, at right angles with the harbor; is wide, level, and being rapidly lined, on either hand, with buildings of the best class. It needs a good pavement, as do most of the streets, especially those in the lower or old portion of the city. Cobble stones, and asphaltum and wooden sidewalks, are behind the times in such a city.

The shipping and great docks lie to the east of the city, where the bay has been filled in until water has been reached varying in depth from twenty to forty feet—amply sufficient for the heaviest vessels in the world to ride in safety.

ARCHITECTURE.

San Francisco, in its architectural features, looks very much like Chicago did before the fire. Magnificent buildings, four or five stories high, of iron and stone, stand along side of mean, wooden, tumble-down structures dating back in their erection to the glorious days now so precious to the memories of the old California "Eighteen hundred and forty-niners."

But they are being gradually worked out, and in a few years the main business streets will be free from these eyesores and nuisances.

The new business blocks are equal to the best in Chicago, while few cities can boast of more elegant private residences than San Francisco can. Indeed, I have never seen anywhere such expensive and elaborate wooden houses as can be counted by the hundreds. Many of them have cost sums of money which astonish one. For instance, ex-Governor Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific railroad, is now completing a residence on the corner of California and Powell streets, overlooking the whole city, which will cost more than one million of dollars, and such an outlay of money neither provokes criticism nor excites surprise.

THE UNITED STATES MINT,

on Mission street, is the finest public building on the coast. The appraiser's stores are to be equally imposing and substantial. A scheme is already perfected for a City Hall, which is intended to be the finest in the Union.

THE OLD MISSION DOLORES,

immortalized by the genius of Captain Derby (John Phoenix), in his report of the organization of his corps of engineers and his explorations and preliminary survey of a railroad, still stands at the corner of Dolores and Sixteenth streets. It was established a century ago by Spanish Jesuits, when nearly every spot on the Pacific coast, as well as everything else, was baptismally named after some San or Santa in the papal calendar. The old adobe buildings of the Mission lend a dismal hue to a rather repulsive portion of the city.

SCHOOLS.

The free schools of San Francisco are, I should judge, in a most flourishing condition, and admirably managed. The school houses are equal to those of any city in the country. Of the forty-eight schools, two are high schools, twelve grammar, twenty-three primary, two colored, and nine in the suburbs

re ordinary public schools. Five hundred teachers were employed last year, and their average salary was \$1,033 in gold. The lowest salary paid was \$600. Nineteen-twentieths of the teachers were females. It is estimated that there are 40,000 children entitled to attend the public schools, and 30,000 did actually attend last year. One-half of the remainder—mostly Catholics—attended church schools, and the remaining 5,000 did not attend any school at all.

The cost of each pupil to the city, for the year, was \$29.76. In the primary schools, each pupil cost \$19.20; in the grammar schools, about \$31.25; and in the two high schools, \$79.80. The total municipal expenses of the city last year amounted to \$3,197,808.30, and of this amount \$689,022 was expended on the schools—a sum equal to $21\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total revenues of the city. The two high schools furnish nearly all the teachers in the city. The French and German languages are taught in four grammar and eight primary schools, but pupils are not required by law to study any other than the English, and no pupil can study more than one other than the English language. In 1874, 1,514 pupils studied French, and 3,308 German, being nearly one-sixth of the pupils attending all the schools.

LIBRARIES.

As a result of the interest taken in educational matters, large libraries have already been collected in this city, which I honor to those engaged in their collection. I can only note that—

The Mercantile Library, the oldest in the city, has about 40,000 volumes. The roll of membership numbers about 1,700; the admission fee is \$2, and quarterly dues \$3.

The Mechanics' Institute has about 26,000 volumes. Its admission fee is \$1, and quarterly payments thereafter of \$1.50.

The Odd Fellows' Library, founded in 1854, has about 27,000 volumes, including the most valuable and extensive collections of documents and books, relating to the history of the Pacific coast, in the world.

The San Francisco Law Library consists of about 13,500 volumes. It is by far the largest collection of legal literature in the State. Any member of the bar in the State may become a member by paying \$100 in gold.

The Young Men's Christian Association has a library of about 4,500 volumes, and it is free to all.

Besides the above, there is a small military library which is said to be rich in very valuable maps and charts.

I am indebted, for these and other facts, to a very valuable little *Guide*, issued by Tiffany and McDonald, a most enterprising firm of publishers in San Francisco.

MANUFACTURING.

Of necessity, the coast on the Pacific ocean had to furnish, in a great degree, its own wants in agricultural implements, carriages, wagons, steam machinery, and all else required in the diversified interests of such a State as California. The results are, that, both here and at Sacramento, the manufacturing interests have absorbed many millions of dollars, and now, utterly unlike the States in the Valley of the Mississippi, San Francisco is, in many districts, a great hive of manufacturing industry. Furniture, of every pattern and style of finish, is made in quantities to meet all demands. One of the finest carriage manufactories in the country is engaged, on a large scale, in turning out carriages of all patterns. Furnaces, forges and foundries, boiler factories and engine building, employ many thousands of mechanics and laborers; and their roar and busy hum can be heard constantly. These people even went to Chicago and picked up and brought away the Cornell Watch Factory, and it is here in full blast, filled with workmen from the East, and amongst them several of the boys from our own Springfield Watch Factory. Some of them called on us the second night after we reached here. J. K. Bigelow, John Blood, J. W. Fuller and Mr. Lake, are all here. The boys were delighted to see us, and we were as glad to see them. But San Francisco has captured them. They all seem to think that it is *the* place.

THE RAILROADS.

The great railroad of the coast is, as all the world knows, the Central Pacific. It has been said, that the corporation owning his railroad owns California. As to the truth of this I can not say; but it is fair to say, that, aside from mining, this corporation has contributed more to the growth of the State, for the past ten years, than all else besides. It has steadily been a vast purchaser of supplies from the farmers, of the products of the soil, and in the construction of its vast machine shops, rolling mills and foundries, and in their operation, it has given constant employment to perhaps 10,000 mechanics and laborers, to whom it has paid many millions of dollars. But of his corporation I expect to write at length in a future letter. I can only say now, that *without* the Central Pacific Railroad California would be unfit to live in, except for purposes of mining.

SCENERY.

The surroundings of San Francisco are not at all impressive, except as the sparkling waters of the beautiful bay and the remote crags and peaks of the Coast Range Mountains make it a place of natural attraction.

The site, as I have already said, is all sand. The foot-hills to the mountains in the distance are rocky, and are, like the sand, about the color of ashes. The hills and depressions are utterly bare—no trees, no shrubs, no grass. All are arid and cheerlessly bare.

The city is pushed out to and into these rocky, sandy hills, and, as yet, there has not been time to grow trees and shrubbery. It is true that many trees, and much ornamental shrubbery have been planted in the front yards and in the gardens of the city, and many beautifully arranged flower gardens and front yards may be seen; but beyond these appear the barren hills and ashen depressions, suggestive of the wearying alkaline wastes west of Salt Lake City.

TOO MUCH WOOD.

After passing back from Front street about six blocks, wooden houses begin to predominate, and they increase in numbers until everything is wood. These structures, many of them gorgeous specimens of architectural taste, are three and four stories high above an old fashioned English basement—such basement being a substitute for a cellar—and continue, jammed solidly against each other, full of people and all kinds of business, for blocks and miles, and finally break up and straggle out to the limits of the city—wood, wood, continually.

San Francisco is, with few exceptions, paved with wood. There are a few streets paved with cobble stones; a very few with the granite block pavement—Belgian, I believe; a few have the Nicholson; but the vast majority of them are simply floored with two and a half inch pine plank. Most of them are much worn, and the heads of the forty-penny nails are trying to the soles of men and women, as well as to the feet of horses. No one familiar with the great Chicago fire of 1871, can fail, in rambling over San Francisco, to see food for a fire, liable to break out any windy day, that would fill the country with consternation and horror. In such a fire, in this dry climate, *the streets would burn up* as well as the houses.

It is claimed that the Fire Department here is the best in the United States. It is to be hoped that this is so, as it surely ought to be in the presence of such constant danger from fires.

Across the vast distance intervening, I send kindly greetings to all who may stop for a moment and think of a wanderer from home, and also to friends and loved ones. I write these lines in sight of the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean, at $8\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock in the morning, while they, in Springfield, are taking dinner.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Oct. 30, 1875.

LETTER No. III.

*The Bank of California—Its Suspension and Resumption
—Whys and Wherefores of Each—The Attacks on the
Newspapers—Reasons Therefor, and the Results*

NOW that the Bank of California has opened its doors, resumed business, and, in the language of its champions and friends, is "stronger than it ever was before, and has gold enough in its vaults to accommodate the whole Pacific coast," it may not be amiss to let the public have such facts as may be of value about the bank's suspension, what led to it, and how it came to resume; also, why the two leading newspapers here have been so violently denounced, and frantic attempt made, if not to destroy their offices by violence, certainly to destroy their business and make their property valueless.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA

[s the oldest banking establishment on this coast. From its organization until it closed its doors, some two months ago, it had always been regarded by the general public as one of the strongest banks in the United States; while abroad, on account of basing all its transactions on gold, its credit was equal to any bank in North America. In England and all foreign countries, its correspondents were found at all important commercial centres. Its paid up capital was \$5,000,000 in gold. Its stockholders have always been the most wealthy, enterprising and sagacious of the many enormously rich men in California. It has been the financial centre of the State, and

its utterances have been deemed to be almost oracular. Its prosperity, for many years, was uninterrupted, and its credit boundless. The products of the mines of California and Nevada, both of gold and silver, were poured into the coffers of this institution, until its financial control scarcely knew any limits or its ambition any check. It is said that it even controlled questions of finance affecting the interests of the Federal Government, and that the United States mint here was its convenient tool and appendage. Of the latter, however, I know nothing. The remark is common, and is repeated to show the commanding position of this moneyed concern.

The dividends of the bank have been always large, and its stock eagerly sought after. A seat in its board of managers was conclusive proof of great wealth, or that which indicated the certainty of riches speedily to be realized, and an official elevation to be coveted and envied.

For many years, under the administration of D. O. Mills, Esq., as president, the bank was managed, not only with great ability, but, it seems, with that care and conservatism which insured great prosperity and success; and if that policy had been adhered to, it would have been a guaranty of a solid, enduring career for many years to come. Mr. Mills was simply a banker, using the best known methods of conducting an institution having for its customers the miners of the Pacific slope, the great agricultural interests of this coast and its trade to China, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Mexico and the various governments of South America. It kept out of all illegitimate schemes of financial operation until Mr. Mills retired to improve his beautiful country seat at Millbrae, near this city, and to enjoy an ample fortune acquired by many years of prudent, active and successful business.

Mr. Mills was succeeded in the presidency of the bank by William C. Ralston, under whose control the conservatism of former years seems to have been regarded as behind the times, and the prudent rules of banking as not quite the thing for the great Bank of California.

The deposits of the bank were very large, the ambition of its president was without limit, his ability great, his industry

inflagging, and his schemes of personal enterprise astonishing. Under his administration, the bank was made the instrument by which the president erected vast factories for the manufacture of furniture, carriages, watches and railroad iron, and also to enable him and others to own and control all the fresh water with which San Francisco is supplied. Added to these came a baronial estate at Belmont, 25 miles from the city, with carriages, horses, servants, and a style of living to match; and then a hotel, surpassing in splendor of design, furniture and keeping, that of any other on the globe. Lastly, and finally, came transactions, in a struggle to control the mining interests of the coast, which were of the most bewildering magnitude, resulting in losses so stupendous as to not only sweep away the fortunes of Mr. Ralston, but to crush the bank whose money he had used. This is the whole story, when the wild and frantic shouts of the well manipulated multitude have been hushed, and the angry voices of interested newspapers have been stilled. It was a repetition of the folly of the old and magnificent banking house of Page & Bacon, of St. Louis, involving and sinking itself forever in building the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, coupled with an attempt at conquering Duncan, Sherman & Co., in a contest for the gold dust of California—who, attempting, after the fall of Page & Bacon, to carry a benumbed, unprofitable and moribund southern railroad corporation, went down to ruin also. Thoughtful men in California foresaw the impending fall, and newspapers here were not silent, but condemned the course of Mr. Ralston with much plainness, and, as is charged, with acrimonious, bitter personal hatred. As to this, I do not know, nor is it my business to inquire. It is certainly true that the manufacture of furniture should not be wrested from the mechanic by a man who is not a mechanic, and who only avails himself of a chance to monopolize a great branch of industry, and uses, in obtaining control of it, the money deposited in his bank. And exactly the same may be said of the watch factory, the carriage making establishment, the rolling mills, the car factory, and all other manufacturing establishments. It would have been far better for the bank and for Mr. Ralston, if the mechanics

and laborers had owned and controlled these interests, and the bank afforded them the accommodations usually required by such establishments in the transaction of their business.

The controlling of the supplies of fresh water for San Francisco, and the angry controversies which grew out of attempts, as charged, to secure improper and oppressive legislation, whereby Mr. Ralston and his partners could make the tax-pay-
ers of the city bleed to the extent of \$15,000,000 for water and water-works which cost less than \$6,000,000, was another source of bitter controversy also, in which it is charged that the newspapers, or at least the *Bulletin* and *Call*, were very abusive both of Mr. Ralston and the bank.

While these vast schemes were being planned and executed, it is quite evident now that the bank, by the attacks made upon it and its president was much weakened, and, in the meantime, another and more potential antagonist than either the irritated public or the newspapers, was gradually preparing to grapple with Mr. Ralston. This was the combined wealth and mining interest of California and Nevada, represented by the banking house, in San Francisco, of

FLOOD & O'BRIEN.

The capital of the Bank of California was \$5,000,000 in gold, fully paid up. Its deposits amounted to from \$12,000,000 to \$15,000,000, so that it controlled a capital, in gold, of from \$17,000,000 to \$19,000,000—a sum sufficient to wield, anywhere, an immense power—and it had, for years, controlled the money matters of this State. But Ralston seems to have failed, shrewd as he was, to see that the mines of the consolidated Virginia Mining Company, of Nevada, mainly owned by the Flood & O'Brien party, were pouring into California street, more than \$1,000,000 of gold and silver each month, until it was too late. When he discovered that the available coin banking capital of California, including deposits, was verging actually to \$80,000,000, of which his bank owned but \$5,000,000 and controlled but \$12,000,000 or \$15,000,000 more—less than one-fifth—he made his last grand struggle, and that was, to obtain such a share of the productive mining

stocks as would be a certain source of supply for the bank, already weakened by his other schemes, which had not been very productive of dividends, and did not hold out any flattering prospects of becoming so. In this contest the stock of the Ophir Mining Company seems to have been that for which he struggled, and which, when he had won it, turned, like the apples of Sodom, to ashes in his hand. It is said that one man, E. J. Baldwin, of this city, netted in profits, in this contest, \$1,800,000, which poor Ralston could only meet by charging it to the bank and passing it to Baldwin's credit as a deposit. The losses of the bank in these transactions, added to the amounts invested in manufacturing schemes, and otherwise, which the president could not refund, did the work, and the bank closed its doors.

The prompt transfer by Mr. Ralston of all his property to the bank, showing that he did not intend to wrong it, and was willing to retire poor, coupled with his tragic death, disarms criticism, and we can only regret that, blinded by ambition and dazzled by seeming success, his administration should have been so disastrous to the Bank of California and to himself.

THE RESUMPTION OF THE BANK

[is an unusual event in the history of institutions which have closed their doors and suspended business. It is claimed by many as a splendid demonstration of the recuperating powers of business when transacted on a specie basis; and by others, analogy is exhausted on the stockholders for coming forward and putting their hands in their pockets and making safe the depositors, and enabling the bank to again open its doors and resume business. Giving full credit to William Sharon, Mr. Mills, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Keene, and all others, for what they have done in aid of the bank, let us see if they could have done any less, if they had tried. It must be remembered that these gentlemen are reported to be the owners of colossal fortunes, and that the others, who contributed as subscribers to the new stock, are also very rich. Take them altogether, and their fortunes will aggregate many times over the debts of the bank. Some of them were officers of the bank and also heavy deposi-

tors, to whom, in great part, it is indebted. As officers and shareholders, depositors and creditors, they knew how the president had used their money and that of the other depositors. They all knew that its capital stock had been mostly *withdrawn* and its liabilities increased largely *in excess of its capital*. No one of them had objected or protested in any legal form.

The men who made the Constitution of California were wise men—just men. They did their work, down in the old sleepy Spanish town of Monterey, most remarkably well. They are nearly all dead, but, as shown in this bank failure, their work survives and comes in in demonstration of their good sense and honesty, which, supplemented by a law of this State, passed many years ago, compelled Mr. Sharon and his associates to do the very thing they have done.

Article IV, of the Constitution of California, says:

Sec. 32. Dues from corporations shall be secured by such *individual liability* of the corporators, and other means, as may be provided by law.

Sec. 36. Each stockholder of a corporation or joint stock association shall be *individually and personally liable for his proportion of all its debts and liabilities*.

And then the General Laws, Hittell's edition, 1872, vol. 1, subject, "Corporations," chap. 1:

Sec. 12. Each stockholder of any corporation shall be *severally, individually and personally liable* for such proportion of all its debts and liabilities as the amount of stock owned by him in such corporation bears to the whole of the capital stock of the corporation.

Sec. 13. It shall not be lawful for the directors or managers of any incorporated company in this State to make dividends, excepting from the surplus profits arising from the business of such corporation; and it shall not be lawful for the directors of any such company to divide, *withdraw, or in any way pay to the stockholders, or any of them, any part of the capital stock* of such company, or to *reduce* the said capital stock without the consent of the Legislature; and in case of any violation of the provisions of this section, the directors under whose administration the same may have happened, except those who may have caused their dissent therefrom to be entered at large on the minutes of the said directory at the time, or when not present when the same did happen, shall, in their individual and private capacity, jointly and severally, be liable to the said corporation and to the creditors thereof, in the event of its dissolution, to the full amount of the capital stock of the company so divided, withdrawn, paid out or reduced.

Sec. 14. The total amount of the debts which any incorporated company shall owe, shall not, at any time, exceed the amount of the capital stock actually paid in; and in case of any excess, the directors under whose administration the same may have happened, except those who may have caused their dissent therefrom to be entered at large on the minutes of the said directors at the time, and except those who were not present when the same did happen, shall, in their individual and private capacities, jointly and severally be liable for such excess to the said corporation, and in the event of its dissolution, to any of the creditors thereof to the full amount of such excess.

It will be seen, at a glance, that under the provisions of the constitution and law, as quoted, Messrs. Sharon, Mills, Keene, Baldwin, and others, as officers and stockholders, were individually and severally liable for every dollar owing by the bank at the time it suspended, and for them there was no escape. The result was, that they accepted time paper—say at three, six, nine and twelve months—in payment of their own deposits, formed a syndicate among themselves, had the bank increase its capital stock to the extent of about \$8,000,000, subscribed that amount, paying in, in coin, 10 per cent., thereby making a sum equal to that due to depositors other than themselves, and also the amount due parties holding letters of credit abroad, thus enabling the bank to open its doors. They declined to make a statement of the liabilities and assets of the bank when it opened, but determined simply to resume and go on with business. Their enemies here were waiting for them to publish a statement of their assets and liabilities, expecting thereby to secure an opportunity to demonstrate what they had charged as to the insolvency of the bank, and to have it put into liquidation, so that a full examination might be had into all the doings of the board of directors and officers. These hopes and expectations have all been most sadly dashed by the action of Mr. Sharon and his associates in re-opening the bank. And now it is to be hoped that no other calamity will overtake this great institution. Mr. Mills, who has been re-instated in the presidency of the bank, and who has staked \$1,000,000 of his estate on its fortunes, will, beyond doubt, hold it steadily within the just limits of conservative banking.

I want to say a word about the newspapers here which have been the objects of such bitter and unrelenting persecution at the hands of the friends of the late Mr. Ralston—I mean the *Bulletin* and *Call*. I have no interest in these papers or their owners. They attacked Mr. Ralston and his friends about their schemes to monopolize all the fresh water near the city, with a view to realizing a vast fortune out of the wants of the taxpayers. Excepting, always, unjust and improper personal abuse, a journal is to be commended for its vigilance in guarding the interests of the community against wrong and outrage. The *Bulletin* and *Call* did no more than they should in battling for *free* water—or at least *cheap* water. Within the limits of decent journalism, these papers had an unchallenged and unchallengeable right to criticise the acts of every bank, or bank officer, in the discharge of its or his duties as the custodians of the money of the public, and to guard the public against impending loss and damage. If these rights are not exercised, or are denied to newspapers, then journalism is a fraud and a sham. The frantic shouts of the crowd at the great Ralston meeting here, in approval of the windy oratorical attacks on the newspapers, and the chiming in by a part of the press of this city in these gag proceedings, are alike humiliating and disgusting. A pensioned, prostrate, subservient press, at a time when the people need brave and independent newspapers, is a sickening spectacle to any honest journalist.

I do not believe the papers named will suffer any permanent injury. On the contrary, people, at last, will rally to their support, and they will be benefited by the assaults made upon them. The highest compliment I have heard paid yet, in California, to these two leading newspapers, was by a most bitter enemy. When asked why they could not be managed like the other papers, he angrily replied, that “*they* were too rich, and could not be purchased;” and I have heard many people say that they never have been bought. This is to their great credit.

I do not pretend to indorse any personal assaults made by either of these journals on Mr. Ralston, or any one else. Such journalism is inexcusable. But I do say they had the right to

lepend the public against being plundered, and to protest against the misuse of the funds of a bank, or its general mismanagement, if the Apostle Paul had returned to the earth and been here, president of the California or any other bank. If we have nothing else, let us have an untrammled, an inawed, unbought, independent press.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Oct. 9, 1875.

LETTER No. IV.

A Sea Voyage from San Francisco to San Diego—Steam-ing Out of San Francisco Bay—The Cliff House—The Famous Seal Rocks, and their Seething Population—The Pacific in an Un-Pacific Mood—Point Conception, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, etc.—Meeting an Illinois Judge in Southern California—San Diego, and its Delightful Surroundings.



N the morning of the 12th instant, under a sky of singular beauty and serenity, we embarked on the steamer *Ancon*, a ship of the coast line of the Nelson, Goodall & Perkins Steamship Company, for this city, distant from San Francisco, south, 468 miles. It is the county seat of San Diego county, on a beautiful harbor of the same name, in the extreme southwestern corner of the State of California, and distant from the north line of Mexico 13 miles.

THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

On the morning of our departure, was as smooth almost as a mirror, and there was scarcely wind enough to swell the sails of the numerous tiny craft that lay almost motionless on its waters. Our ship steamed slowly out in the bay, and floated quietly down, through the shipping, towards the "Golden Gate." The view of San Francisco was perfect, and its long streets, stretching far up towards Lone Mountain, with their thousands of carriages, wagons and pedestrians, were distinctly visible. As we neared the entrance to the bay, we discovered that outside a stiff breeze was sweeping the ocean, which

night, during the day, and especially in the evening, prove anything but "Pacific." As the vessel passed out to sea, five and a half miles from the city, the United States' defences of the harbor frowned darkly upon us from the mainland and a small island on the right, and we had a very excellent view of the preparations of the Nation against hostile attempts, should they ever be made, to enter the bay.

As we rounded out to sea, the Cliff House, a noted pleasure resort, nestled in the side of the bluffs overlooking the ocean, and connected with San Francisco by the best road in the State, came in full view. This famous house overlooks, and is about 200 yards from, the

SEAL ROCKS,

which rise to an elevation of perhaps 80 feet above the boiling, roaring surf that breaks into whitened foam at their bases. We had read much of the huge sea lions that sprawl, scramble and scream about these rocks, and expected to see a few of the unshapely and unseemly monsters. Our vessel passed to the seaward within 40 rods of the rocks, and we beheld a sight which defied description. The waves were breaking against the rocks with great fury, and the spray on the northwestern side reached almost to their summits, and then would recede, leaving the boiling waters nearly black with the heads of the sea lions struggling upwards to get a successful hold of some point which might serve as a footing for an ascent out of the water. The rocks themselves were literally covered with these strange looking creatures. They were asleep by hundreds, packed away as thick as they could lie. Many of them had slept until their brown colored hair had become dry, and made a most singular contrast with the black and shining monsters that had not been so long out of the water. Many of them were tumbling about, with their sharp-pointed heads reared in the air, uttering a noise combining all the peculiarities of a yelp, a bark and a howl. They could have been heard for miles. There were hundreds of them, and may have been a thousand. On the top of the largest rock was, apparently, the "champion" sea lion of the crowd. He, from the noise he made,

was trying to preside over the crowd of legless behemoths. At certain seasons, when these creatures cover the rocks, and the females suckle their young, the scene becomes quite hideous, and, in the language of Charles Nordhoff, "if Gustave Doré could see them he would add another weird picture to his chamber of horrors." It is said to be pleasant, in good weather, to drive out from San Francisco, early in the morning, to the Cliff House, and eat one's breakfast on the west verandah of the hotel, in full view and hearing of these congregated slimy, squirming, maggoty monsters, but it seems to me that the sight of such animals and their repulsive looks, accompanied by the harsh, unearthly noises they make, taken all together would not be likely to whet the appetite or prove an agreeable sedative for a sensitive stomach. I don't think I should, in visiting the Cliff House, take any sea lions in my breakfast.

As anticipated, when we reached the mouth of the Bay of San Francisco—the world-famed

GOLDEN GATE,

the day proved anything but pleasant. The winds blew steadily from the north-west, and with increasing force until mid-afternoon, when the ocean had become quite rough. Heavy fogs gathered over the agitated waters, and the air was chill and damp. Shawls, overcoats and mufflers were in very general demand. The dinner table was not crowded, as many sought their berths in disgust, having given to the fishes and hungry gulls their morning meal as a compromise with Neptune. The increasing size of the long waves sweeping in resistless force, the constantly increasing roll of the vessel, the density of the fog and the scream of the fog whistle, with the chilliness of the air, gave the ship a most cheerless appearance. Women and children sought privacy in their staterooms with looks of woe-begone resignation to the penalty of travel by sea, while great, stalwart land-lubbers of men stretched themselves on the floors of the cabins and groaned and heaved to any imaginable extent. But the good ship, steady to her course to the south-east, with her engines in full play, and her *sails set*, careered over the vast waste of waters

like a thing of life, and, with the tremendous momentum of that irrational force that overcomes winds and waves, and is fast revolutionizing not only methods of travel, but contributing so much to the intelligence, comfort and safety of mankind, inspired confidence that the good ship *Ancon*, under the command of Captain Debney, was a safe home on the troubled ocean for all on board.

At the dawn of day on the morning of the 13th, the air was still cold, the fog dense, the sea heavy. During the morning, a couple of sharks were seen astern the vessel, and in their rapid motions the cut-water fins on their backs gave out a most unpleasant hissing noise. Just before reaching Point Conception 245 miles from San Francisco, we saw an immense

SCHOOL OF PORPOISES.

They were about the color of Scotch snuff. When first discovered, a half mile to the left and on the bow of the ship, they were directing their course to the south-west. The fog having somewhat lifted, we got a good view of the singular creatures. When they discovered the ship, their course was somewhat changed, and they passed under the stern of the vessel. Their motions in swimming remind one very much of an immense drove of hogs on a full run. In their jumps they lifted themselves, at times, so much out of the water as to be fully visible.

During the afternoon of the 13th, the fog cleared away and the sun came out, disclosing the headlands of the coast projecting themselves into the sea, and giving now and then a very fine view of the waves, in the distance, thundering against the shore and recoiling in long rolls of snow-white spray, while, in the back ground, the Coast Range mountains rear their barren summits from two to four thousand feet above the ocean. During the entire day, flocks of sea-gulls followed the steamer, circling round and round the vessel, watching for the garbage from the cook house, or crumbs from the ship's table, with a keenness of vision I never saw equalled. The moment anything eatable by them touched the water, scores of them would fall as if they had been shot, and with unerring preci-

sion in the direction of the coveted morsel. They would drop into the water, and tumble and struggle, and scream and fight in a manner which was a constant source of amusement to the children on board, running in ages from five to fifty and more years.

POINT CONCEPTION

Is surmounted with a beautiful light-house, reached at an elevation of perhaps 2,000 feet by an inclined railway. As the point of land was rounded, the Stars and Stripes were seen to ascend the flag-staff of the light-house, the colors of the ship were dipped in token of the sovereignty of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the shrill whistle of the steamer saluted the lonely watchers of the commerce of the Pacific Coast.

Point Conception is the dividing line between an agitated and a tranquil sea—between warm and cool weather. As soon as we rounded it, turning almost directly east, the ocean became as placid as the undisturbed waters of one of our little inland lakes. The winds ceased, and the vessel rode as calmly as a steamboat on the Illinois river. The air changed and became warm, and the sun came out, and all was as cheerful as one of our delightful, balmy May mornings in the Valley of the Mississippi. From this "Point" to Santa Barbara the distance is forty miles. The run was made in full view of land the entire distance. At one place were seen cropping out, to the water's edge, mines of pure asphaltum, said to be inexhaustible, and, just before reaching the roadstead of Santa Barbara, extending out some four miles from land, and stretching along the shore for a couple of miles, the entire surface of the water is covered with petroleum, which, when disturbed by the vessel, gives back all the odors so familiar to those who, in other days, "struck ile" in the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. The general conclusion is, that this petroleum comes from a spring in the bottom of the ocean, which is reached at a distance of forty or fifty feet. In support of this conclusion is the fact, that after careful examinations and numerous borings on the flat lands on the shore, which are here perhaps a mile wide, no indications of the fluid could be found.

SANTA BARBARA

Two hundred and eighty-five miles from San Francisco, was reached at 4 o'clock P. M., thirty-one hours after leaving the Golden Gate. The place has no harbor, in the proper sense of that word. It has a very well protected roadstead and any required depth of water. The general "trend" of the coast is southeast, but just before reaching Santa Barbara a bold mountain headland projects itself perpendicularly far out to sea, its southern face extending east and west, perhaps a mile; it then slopes rapidly to the east, until it reaches almost a level with the sea. Upon this level spot, running directly north some five miles, and walled in on the east, first by small foot-hills a mile away and then by towering and almost perpendicular mountains full 3,000 feet high, stands far-famed Santa Barbara. The vessel landed at the pier made of pilings, extending perhaps 2,500 feet into the water. This pier is well floored and sufficiently wide for carriages to safely pass each other. At the end is a good dock, well floored, and of ample dimensions for freight, passengers, and a roomy warehouse.

From what I have said above, the reader will understand that the little valley is walled in on the east, north and west with mountains, opening full to the south on the roadstead. The site is really very pretty, and from the adjacent monntain streams, and in wells, the town, or city, as it is called by the inhabitants, is supplied with good water. There are some fine California oaks scattered about town and back in the valley and on the mountain slopes west of the town, while many have been planted and are already relieving the valley of the barren appearance common to the towns of Southern California.

Santa Barbara is much larger and better built than I had supposed. Its citizens will tell you they have 6,000 inhabitants, and I think they really have from 3,500 to 4,000. Many of the streets are broad, smoothly graveled, and very handsome. The houses, generally, are good, some very handsome, and the public hones are highly creditable to the place. A new and quite large hotel is just being finished, being the largest, perhaps, in the State, outside of San Francisco.

The population of Santa Barbara is made up, mainly, of people who have sought it as a place where lost health may be recovered, the diseases from which they have suffered being stayed, and life prolonged. The majority are very largely from east of the Alleghanies, and perhaps from New England. As a result, the place has good churches, schools, and a society not excelled for morality, order and intelligence in any of the older States.

The air of Santa Barbara is very agreeable, mild and salubrious, and especially beneficial to those suffering from diseases of the throat and lungs. Indeed, it seems to be admitted by those best able to judge, that the three best places in California for persons suffering from pulmonary affections, are Santa Barbara, San Diego and San Bernardino. I think the preponderance of opinion is, however, in favor, first of San Diego, then Santa Barbara, and San Bernardino last. Los Angeles is regarded as too warm at certain seasons of the year, and, therefore, too debilitating.

On the morning of the 14th the steamer lay moored in the

BAY OF SAN PEDRO,

Three hundred and seventy-five miles from San Francisco, and by river and rail twenty-eight miles from Los Angeles. As the vessel was to remain, discharging and receiving freight, until evening, we took passage on the little steamer "Los Angeles," six miles up the river of the same name, to the town of Wilmington, whose inhabitants flatter themselves that when the bar at the mouth of the river is dredged out so as to let in vessels of heavy burden, they will have a city which will fairly rival Los Angeles, now the third in population in the State. The United States Government have a steam dredge employed in removing the bar, with good prospects of speedy success. At Wilmington we took the cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad to

LOS ANGELES,

Which place was reached at 9 o'clock A. M. The city is built at the base of the mesa lands of the mountains and partly on

the hillsides. About one-fifth of it is occupied by that part known as "Sonora," the home of the genuine Mexican. That portion of the city is all adobe, the houses being flat-roofed, one story high, and whitewashed in front. The back yards are the homes of poultry, pigs, cats and dogs, and the sources of vast and mighty stinks, while, within, the houses are said to be numerously filled with fleas, bedbugs and other population than the Mexican, his wife and children. This mixed Spanish-Mexican-Indian race are, for all industrial purposes—male and female—about utterly worthless. They are poor, lazy, ignorant, vicious and drunken. The Americans are enterprising, intelligent, and in the main prosperous. The population of the city is about 16,000, and many of the business houses are superior to any in Springfield. It commands the trade of the valley extending north and south about 60 miles, by 20 in width, which is surprisingly rich in wheat, barley, corn, oats and other cereals; while in grapes, oranges, figs, lemons, citrons, limes, pomegranates, olives, almonds, and English walnuts, it leads all other portions of the State. These fruits cover many thousands of acres, and are sources of immense profit to those engaged in their culture. From the grape is produced, of wines and brandies, many hundreds of thousands of gallons, which are sent to all parts of the Union. The land is held at high figures, and constantly increasing in value.

The secret of the prosperous condition of Los Angeles is water. In all parts of Southern California water is everything. With it the desert becomes orchards and gardens; without it, orchards and gardens become a desert. Los Angeles river, and the flowing wells found everywhere, furnish flumes and ditches of clear and rapid-running water in all directions, ample for purposes of irrigation throughout the valley.

At Los Angeles we met our old friend and former fellow-citizen,

HON. H. K. S. O'MELVENEY,

So long judge of the Centralia circuit. He is judge of Los Angeles county, and is very highly esteemed. He is out of politics entirely, but expressed great satisfaction at the defeat

of the Ohio Democracy, on account of their financial heresies. With him we rode for hours over his beautiful town and surrounding country, viewing the many points of interest, and among them the late home of the now deceased John Murray Morrison, a native of Illinois, brother of Col. J. L. D. Morrison, and long the judge of the Los Angeles district. He died some years ago, much esteemed and highly honored. His wife, the daughter of Dr. Thomas J. White, once of St. Louis, followed her husband, dying within a week of his burial. They left no children.

At 4 o'clock P. M. we returned to the vessel, and at daylight, on the morning of the 15th, landed at the dock of San Diego, and found waiting for us our old and highly cherished friend, Col. Daniel B. Bush, who commanded, during the war, the gallant old Second Cavalry Regiment from Illinois. Col. Bush is the brother-in-law of Hons. O. M. Hatch and Alex. Starne, and an honor here to his friends and the State that retained him so long in its service. The delicate, cordial and tender reception given to our invalid son by Col. Bush, his wife and daughter—a reception which implied a home and that care and interest which loving hearts alone can bestow—produced emotions not proper to describe here. It is enough to say to those who planned and prepared that reception—more than one thousand leagues away—that memory, sympathy, thankfulness and gratitude swept across the vast distance, and embraced them all in one, God bless them !

The city of

SAN DIEGO,

is not the old San Diego of the days of John Phoenix and Judge Ames' San Diego *Herald*. That old Spanish town has gone to decay and ruin long ago. Its site is on San Diego Bay, three miles north of the present new city.

The bay is the finest on the coast of California, that of San Francisco excepted. Its entrance is free from danger for the largest ships, and in the harbor the shipping of the continent might ride with perfect ease and safety. The town has about 2,500 people, many good stores, two banks, one first class hotel,

a fine market house, a beautiful court house, five churches, two daily newspapers, many beautiful residences and fine grounds—all the growth of five years, and that growth the result of the proposed terminus of Tom Scott's Texas Pacific Railroad at this point. The town is laid out into lots enough for a population of 500,000, and, in a streak of generosity quite beyond reasonable explanation, the people have actually deeded, in fee simple, to Scott's Railway Company, on the bay, 9,000 acres of land before he has placed a tie or driven a spike, and in the face of the declaration that, before he builds his road, he must have a subsidy from Congress of \$35,000 per mile from Fort Worth, in Texas, to San Diego, a distance of 1,400 miles, equal to \$49,000,000. The city has just voted, of its bonds, the sum of \$4,000, to pay the expenses of a gentleman in San Francisco, named Felsenheld, to go to Washington to lobby for the subsidy. The people are much divided as to the propriety of sending any one on such a mission, and well they may be, as every cent paid for such a purpose might just as well be thrown into the fire. But it is only another illustration showing how crazy people will become about that with which, when obtained, they become as much disgusted as they were before anxious. As I propose writing somewhat at length, hereafter, on railroads and their promoters in California, I shall not now enlarge on matters pertaining to this Texas Pacific scheme of Col. Scott.

About San Diego, as elsewhere in Southern California, there is no timber at all. The country now is bare of any green thing except the sage brush and the many varieties of the cactus, some of which are ten feet high. Still, in this delightful climate—it could not be more so—anything will grow when planted and watered. Much will grow without water, except such as falls during the rainy season.

In company with Major Levi Chase, a leading lawyer here, who is a brother-in-law to Mr. King, the confectioner of Springfield—having married Miss Cornelia King, a niece of the late W. W. Watson, and who will be readily remembered by many in Springfield—I was, on yesterday, driven out five miles, to see the places of Messrs. Swan and Asher—the first from

Cleveland, Ohio, and the other from Illinois. They have small places of, say 20 acres each, commenced about five years ago, but their success is almost incredible. The two places have about the same varieties of fruit, and one brief description will suffice for both. I picked, within twenty feet of Mr. Swan's house, ripe oranges, lemons, pomegranates, olives, limes and almonds, and hard by were apricots, figs, bananas, apples, pears, and other fruits, in great abundance. Now remember, all this growth has been in five or six years, and without irrigation! I was shown a Eucalyptus (Australian gum-tree,) fifty feet high and eight inches in diameter, only five years from the seed. From these two little spots of fruits and flowers, I was driven sixteen miles, to the Cajon Ranch, owned by Major Chase and others. The ranch comprises about 49,000 acres, of which 16,000 acres are susceptible of cultivation, the remainder being mountain and grazing lands. Of these, 8,000 acres were grown in wheat the past season, without irrigation, and although the year has been an unusually dry one, the land yielded about twenty-five bushels to the acre.

The arable lands of this ranch can be made of great value, as an abundance of water can be had from wells for purposes of irrigation. They are encircled by mountains and exempt from both winds and frosts.

It is but proper to say, that, while San Diego county fronts on the Pacific Ocean 100 miles, and extends back eastward 200 miles to Arizona, containing 20,000 square miles, a territory as large as one-third of Illinois, it has not more than 500 square miles, if so much, of land that can be cultivated. The remainder is mountains and the Mohave Desert; 16,000 acres of really good lands, therefore, in the hands of Major Chase and a few others, within from 12 to 15 miles of San Diego, is a large fortune. Such land is valued, in gold, at from \$15 to \$30 per acre. Ordinarily the cultivated spots around San Diego—and they are not very numerous—average from five to ten acres; some more. The ranch of Mr. Higgins, formerly of Chicago, is the best cultivated in the county, but I have not seen it. It is 20 miles from San Diego.

LETTER No. V.

Some of the Notable Valleys of California—Santa Clara, Gilroy, Pajora and Salinas—Their Fruit and Sheep Farms, Flowers, and Wonderful Grapes—The Battle of Monterey: Was the Dead Man Killed or Scared to Death?—The Field of Fremont's Triumph—Monterey: The Old, Sleepy Capital of California—Its Present Decaying Condition.



CALIFORNIA is noted for its "valleys." The word valley is almost synonymous with water—either running or easily obtained by digging wells—fertility of soil and good crops, yielding rich returns for the toil of the husbandman, gardener and fruit grower. Within a few hours' travel of San Francisco there are many of these bodies of land, which already furnish beautiful country seats for the wealthy men of this city, and farms on a broad scale, from which fortunes are realized almost every year. In this letter I propose to notice four of the most noted of these beautiful plains, nestled between the hoary and barren peaks of the Coast Range mountains, traversed by the Southern Pacific Railroad, and lying within 150 miles of San Francisco. The first of these is the

VALLEY OF SANTA CLARA.

In a southeasterly direction, fourteen miles from this city, the Southern Pacific Railroad cuts through a range of the foot-hills, or "mesa lands," as they are called, and enters the Santa

Clara Valley, a body of perfectly level land, averaging from eight to eighteen miles in width and extending for about sixty miles, traversed nearly in the centre by the railroad. This valley is the richest and best improved in the State, and the lands vary in value from \$25 to \$1,000 per acre, depending on their location. The towns are San Jose, 10,000 population; Santa Clara, 3,000; Redwood City, 800; Mayfield, 300; Meulo Park, 200; San Mateo, 1,000—and several other smaller places. The valley contains about 500,000 acres, nearly every rod of which can be successfully cultivated, either for grain or fruit, and wholly without irrigation.

Before any settlements were made, this must have been one of the most remarkable pieces of natural landscape gardening in the world. It was covered over with the California oak, a tree most singular in appearance and well worth a passing notice, as it is the same in all parts of the State. It is, I think, of the species *Quercus Alba*, its bark and leaves resembling that tree more nearly than any other. But, instead of growing into a stately tree, with long and smooth trunk, as the white oak does in Illinois, it assumes exactly the shape and appearance of one of the old and venerable apple trees seen in Sangamon county—for instance, those in the orchard of Hon. Jesse K. Dubois—only the trunk is twice or three times as large, and its boughs spread out until it sometimes covers almost a quarter of an acre. The trunks are too short for fence posts, and before the tree is cut down the axman gets up among the branches and chops most of them off, and reduces them to stove wood. Should he cut down the tree before chopping away the branches, it would be as high lying down as standing up. These trees, in great numbers, have been left standing in the fields or grounds of the large land owners, and are scattered, so that no landscape gardener could improve upon the regular irregularity, so to speak, of their distribution. I have never seen any forest trees more beautiful than these oaks about Menlo Park, and especially on the grounds of Hon. S. M. Latham. They are the prevailing tree of California, and everywhere alike. The shape of the live oaks are exactly similar to those described above.

The land is rich everywhere in the Santa Clara Valley, and large crops, especially of wheat, are planted, grown and harvested with about one-half the labor bestowed on that crop in Illinois. Farmers tell you about raising fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, but as an average yield the statement is an absurdity. I have not been able to procure reliable grain statistics, but am satisfied that the crop does not average more than twenty bushels to the acre, and that is far above the yield of any of the States of the Northwest. In addition to wheat, oats, barley and rye do well, and are profitable crops. Wheat is, however, by far the most profitable. It is often sown from year to year upon harrowed stubble ground, which has been pastured during the rainless months, from the first of June to the first of November, and it is a matter of great surprise to one familiar with the labor bestowed by our Illinois farmers on their wheat land in fallowing, plowing, harrowing, and then planting carefully with a seed drill, and reaping from fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre, to see these California farmers cut their wheat from land where perhaps ten crops have been cut in as many years before, turn their horses and cattle on the dry stubble, keeping them fat until the middle of October, then harrow the dry ground, and when the rains come in November and December, plant their wheat with a drill, and reap in the following May a better crop than can be had in Sangamon county. A great many farmers are discussing the propriety of more and deeper plowing to secure heavier crops than heretofore, and some are resorting to it.

Wheat, in all these valleys, is mostly cut by the "header" machines, thus leaving the straw in the field, which becomes excellent hay, as there are neither dews nor rains to injure its nutritive qualities. Cattle and horses keep fat on this stubble, and horses do good work without any other feed whatever. The wheat is threshed, put in bags and piled up in the open air, in some place secure from the stock, and there left until it suits the convenience of the farmer to send it to market. I have seen many thousands of bushels so left in the sack which had been out for weeks. When wheat is cut by the ordinary reaper, after it is threshed out, the straw is stacked for use, or

pressed into bales and piled up, and finally sent to this city and sold for from \$10 to \$15 per ton.

But what the valley of Santa Clara is most noted for are the houses, gardens, orchards and vineyards. Many of the country seats are very beautiful. The houses—all of wood—in architectural taste, size and finish, are equal to the best in the vicinity of Chicago or St. Louis. The outbuildings, the landscape gardening, the shrubs and flowers, the drives, bridle-paths and walks, are equal to any in the country. This evening, as I write, the country seats of D. O. Mills, M. S. Latham, and scores of others in Millbrae, Menlo Park, San Jose, Santa Clara, San Mateo, Redwood City, and other places in the valley, present an array of flowers of the most gorgeous character. In the grounds of these places the tube rose can be found, five or more feet high; pinks, in the largest quantities, three feet high, and as double and very nearly as large as a George the Fourth rose. In all of these can be found geraniums, six and seven feet high, covered with the most brilliant flowers, and the petunias, gladioluses, fuchsias, verbenas and wax-flowers, grow to great size, as compared with similar flowers in the East. The phlox is perennial. Common roses, of all classes, bloom the year round. The castor bean (*Palma Christi*) is a tree. I have seen them fifteen feet high, and four and five inches in diameter. In one instance, I saw a cactus full fifteen feet high. It had been pruned, and had a round trunk, eight inches in diameter, eight feet to the first limb. The top was perfectly symmetrical, and the boughs were laden with its thorny, red fruit. Many of the trees are evergreen, such as the red-wood, the cedar, the pine, the sequoia, the eucalyptus and the pepper tree. These are the glory of California, and especially is this so of the eucalyptus and pepper trees. The first is, in some degree, shaped like the Lombardy poplar. Its leaves are broad and pinnated, and as brilliant, in its early growth, as burnished silver. The first year, from the seed, it often grows ten feet high; in five years it becomes a shade tree, fifty or sixty feet high, with boughs covered perpetually with the most exquisite foliage. It is as free from worms, dead leaves and branches as can be, and its wood, when seasoned, is almost as hard as

lignum vitæ. The pepper tree is shaped like an apple tree, only it is as round and perfect, in its branches and general top, as a ball. Its bark is smooth, its limbs long, pendant and willowy in appearance, its foliage intensely green and as soft as the cypress, while the fruit resembles bunches of grapes half green, and is perfectly red when ripe. The taste is that of black pepper, and very pungent. It belongs to the Pimento family. These two trees are being planted by millions all over the State. The gardens everywhere are full of the seedlings.

The towns of note in the Santa Clara Valley are,

SAN JOSE,

A city of 10,000 people, fifty miles from San Francisco, and the handsomest place, next after Oakland, in the State. Its streets are laid off at right angles with each other, broad, well paved and lined on either hand with as fine shops, stores and offices as can be found anywhere. It has two banking buildings which would do credit to Chicago, and two first-class hotels. Its court house is the finest in California. The State Normal School building, now filled with about 450 students, is a wooden structure, and as handsome and large as our Normal School building at Normal. San Jose has hundreds of residences which, with their gardens and grounds filled with trees, shrubbery and flowers, constantly make one feel that it is a little paradise in this delightful valley.

In San Jose, I found a number of Illinoisans. The sheriff of the county is Mr. Adams, a native of Alton. Hon. E. O. Smith, once of Decatur, has here a beautiful home. C. G. Harrison, his family and two sisters, I think natives of Belleville, are here, and rich. Judge Murdock, once editor of the Alton *Telegraph*, has long been a resident of this city and largely connected with the San Jose press. He recurs to his fights in Illinois, from 1836 to 1842, with great gusto, and tells many stories of Snyder, Semple, Judge Gillespie, Dr. Hart and others. He is enjoying a jolly, green old age.

SANTA CLARA

Is situated three miles west of San Jose, across the Gaudalupe river, a small stream which becomes dry during the summer. It is the seat of two colleges, one belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church and the other to the Catholics. Both are prosperous, and filled with students. I saw Bishop Peck, of New York, on the streets of Santa Clara. His step was firm, and under his massive brow his eye gleamed with all the fervor of many years ago. The bishop is a man of great learning and vast ability. I hoped to hear him preach, but did not. He is wielding a great influence for good on this coast, and is the prince of his church and people. He has grown old and grey, but will do much honest work yet before he dies.

The cities of Santa Clara and San Jose are connected by the *Alameda*, a road as level as a floor, three miles long, and shaded by double rows of willow trees on each side. These trees were planted in 1799. The *Alameda* is the finest shaded drive in the State. The ancient willows are kept nicely trimmed, and present a most attractive appearance. The population of Santa Clara is partly Mexican, and numbers about 3,000. While it has many handsome houses, it is not as well built as San Jose.

For miles around these cities, vineyards and orchards extend in all directions. Pears do well, apples moderately so, but the grape crop is immense. I wish I could show my readers bunches of the Rose of Peru, Reisling, Muscat, Black Hamburg, Chasselais and Flame Tokay grapes, produced here in the open air. I have seen them by the ten thousands, many of which, especially the Flame Tokay, the Chasselais, the Black Hamburg and Muscat of Alexandria, would weigh from three to five pounds to the bunch. The vines are neither trellised nor staked. The stock is cut from four to six feet high, and becomes, in six or seven years, three or four inches in diameter, and is stout enough to bear its fruit. The yield this year is very great, and grapes are very cheap. I have heard of hundreds of tons of the Mission grape, somewhat like our Concord, but not so good for the table, being sold to the vintners for 37 cents per 100 pounds. I have bought white Muscats, Chasse-

lais, Black Hamburgs and Flame Tokays for six cents per pound. The wine and brandy crops of this State hereafter must be enormous.

The general reader, and especially the ladies, have heard much about

THE CENTURY PLANT,

Which, fable says, grows a hundred years, blooms once, and dies. That is very pretty and poetic. But I have seen these plants here, nine years after planting out, run up twenty-five feet high, six inches in diameter of the floral shaft, a huge tuft of branching, white flowers at the top; and others, which had blossomed, gone to seed and died, and as dry as a seasoned pole, while the plant at the root was taking a fresh start. So much for the century plant. One gets a good deal of the romance of life knocked out of him as he travels around—that is, if he keeps his eyes open.

THE GILROY VALLEY.

This body of land is, perhaps, twenty-five miles long. It has the same soil, climate, and productive qualities as the Santa Clara, and is, really, a part of that valley, geographically; but it seems ambitious of its own distinction. It produces a great many sheep. I saw more thousands than I should like to state. It is enough to say that mutton is not scarce about the town of Gilroy, which boasts a couple of thousand inhabitants. It is a new town, having mainly sprung up since the completion of the railroad through the valley.

The New Almadin quick-silver range passes through Gilroy township. Asphaltum and coal tar are found in large quantities near the town.

PAJORA VALLEY

Is the third of the fertile tracts of land embosomed in these mountains, and though the smallest, it is, in its productive capabilities, in proportion to size, the richest of them all. It is about ten miles long and from three to five miles wide, and may be termed a great wheat field, with many beautiful houses

scattered over it. The land sells, I am told, very readily for \$100 per acre, and is deemed a safe investment. Land rents at from \$10 to \$13 (gold) per acre.

The last of these four valleys is the

SALINAS.

It is about forty miles long by twenty broad. In some places it may not be more than twelve miles wide. It is a genuine prairie. The upper end of it rests upon Monterey Bay, and has some worthless salt marsh lands. Running through these tide water marshes, one can see along the indentations of the bay hundreds of solemn-looking pelicans, with bills bowed on their baggy throats, appearing to take a most unfavorable view of affairs generally. As we ran along the inlets of the bay, ducks, gulls and other fowl, in great flocks, took to wing and got away; but the melancholy pelican stood his ground, merely resting himself on the other leg as we passed. I wished for a good double-barreled shot-gun. In that case, it struck me, I could have made the feathered biped a little more lively than when we left him.

Near Castroville, a place of about 100 inhabitants, more or less, was pointed out, on a small eminence, the field whereon Fremont, in 1846, fought and won the memorable

BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

The dead was buried on the field. He consisted of *one* man, and his last resting place on the field of his glory is marked by a board cross. His name has not been transmitted, so his history is lost to the long list of heroes. It is not recorded whether he fought under the Stars and Stripes, or died on the side of the valorous Greasers; nor is it told whether he was shot, piked, sabred to the waist, or scared to death. None of these things are known. But

“On fame’s eternal camping ground,
His silent tent is spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.”—

or words to that effect. Still, that battle of Monterey did the business—it gave the *coup de grace* to Mexican rule, in Cali-

fornia. The Californians had previously had a taste of Fremont's qnality, when he fortified the hill overlooking Los Angeles, and ran out over his works that howitzer he carried around on the back of a Mexican jackass. The Sonorians just wilted at the sight of such an engine of destruction, and surrendered, of course. That was campaign No. 1. The battle of Monterey was the end of No. 2, and the final conquest of California. After that, Fremont had nothing to do but quarrel with General Kearney, get arrested, court-martialed, found guilty of disobedience, and take his seat in the United States Senate from the State of California, which he had won without a gap in his sword, and only one man—unknown to name or fame—killed or scared to death. Such, Oh, Fame ! are the military annals of California, and a faithful history of the martial deeds of the great Path-finder on the Pacific Coast.

But I must get back to Salinas Valley. It is only a few years since it was regarded as fit only for cow pasture. Now, it is one of the most prolific wheat fields in the State, and land that five years ago was worth \$2.50 and \$5 per acre, is now worth \$40, \$60, or even \$75 per acre.

In the midst of this valley stands the town of Salinas. It is five years old, and has 3,000 inhabitants. It is not a shanty town, either. It has one street, a mile long, well paved with cobble stone and gravel, and on this street are stores, shops, offices, hotels, and the usual number of saloons; but it is a marvel when you remember that the town is not yet five years old. One of the hotels is better built and better furnished than any in Springfield, the Leland excepted. If the question be asked, whence this remarkable growth? I answer, that it is the new county seat of Monterey county; and also, that it is in the centre of one of the finest tracts of farming lands in California, and only 120 miles from San Francisco. Farmers and dairymen have realized fortunes in a few years, and especially since the railroad has been opened to San Francisco. But the day has gone by when cheap lands can be had in these valleys. The poor man must look elsewhere.

Before closing this letter I want to say a word or two about the old State Capital—

MONTEREY.

It is situated on the bay of that name, and is connected with Salinas, its successful rival for the county-seat, by a narrow-gauge railroad seventeen miles long. I went over with my sick boy, and we stayed during the evening and over night there. In the days of Mexican domination, and when Spain owned Mexico, Monterey was a penal town. It was called *Monte del Rey*, since contracted to Monterey. Some of the very old people there are the children of convicts sent to this place for some crime not worthy of death, but of transportation. It is beautifully located in a long sloping cove in the mountains, which are yet covered with majestic pines. Its outlook on the bay, the entrance to which is 20 miles broad, is magnificent, and it well deserved the name of the "Mountain of the King." It has a good wharf, and plenty of water for vessels of 2,500 tons burden. It was here that Sherman, Hal-leck and Ord—all Lieutenants—came in 1846. It was here the Spaniards, or old Californians, had an adobe fort guarding the harbor and town. The pile of adobe dirt still remains. The officers named, or some one soon after them, put up some barracks back and south of the old Spanish mud fort. These barracks stand deserted and alone. Here the State Capital of California was located for a time; and the convention that framed the present Constitution of this State sat here. The old "State House" still stands—a house in which Baker, and Campbell, and many others, now dead, poured out their glowing and prophetic eloquence on the glorious future of the Golden State. But they are dead, and so is the town. Some one will point out to you a cow shed of a house, and tell you that, when the capital was here, that was the "theater." Think of Baker, Campbell, McDougall and others attending such a concern as that as a play house! The place has in it about 1,000 people, and it is simply, now, a Mexican town. There is not a good modern American house in the place, and but few Americans. There are three or four adobe two-story, long drawn out houses, with double porches in front, built perhaps a hundred years ago. But they are all in decay. The descendants of those who built them have squandered what was

left them, and they are now poor, idle, ignorant and lazy—some of them drunken, dirty and vicious. They hang around the groceries, sitting in the sun on their heels, gambling jack-knives, trinkets and plugs of tobacco, and live on what comes to them. They leer at the stranger; saunter around and watch him, and if a good chance should occur, they would not mind taking a trifle from him. The women seem as worthless as the men. You see them slipping along the streets—sidewalks they have none—in their blue or brown coarse woolen garb, with the eternal *rebosa* wrapped about their heads, concealing their faces to the nose, but always ready to give you the full benefit of their snakey black eyes. They are dirty, uncombed and fearfully ugly, as a rule—young and old. The only family I saw in Monterey that seemed to have escaped the withering influence of ineradicable decay, were the Gonzalez brothers, two intelligent bachelor gentlemen, well educated and possessed of a handsome estate derived from their father, now nearly eighty years old. They are awaiting his death, and then they are to come to San Francisco, as they say there is no hope of improvement.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Oct. 20, 1875.

LETTER No. VI.

The Railroad System of the Gold State—The Origin of the Central Pacific Railroad—Character and Determination of its Projectors—Cutting a Railroad Track in the Face of Perpendicular Cliffs—General Review of the Achievements of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and What It Has Done for California—History of the Granger-Railroad War on the Pacific Coast.

HE State of California has 150,000 square miles of territory, almost three times the number of Illinois; but it is, in a large measure, a State of vast mountains and very high hills. It has not, perhaps, one-half, and possibly not one-third, the number of square miles of arable land to be found in Illinois, and much of that is far less productive than that of our own great State. The mountains are grand, poetic, sublime. They may mix and mingle with the fervid, spread-eagle oratory of the 4th of July, and harmonize with the flights of the bird of freedom, when he fixes his gleaming eye on the sun, and pierces the heavens, to guard the eyrie of his mate as she feeds her eaglets on the dizzy heights; but these are about their immediate uses. You can not farm them; they are too elevated for that. They do not "pan out" to any extent in mining, or yield much to feed either man or brute. The truth is, they are very unhandy and very much in the way, and especially so when you attempt to travel over them or to build railroads among them. This has been found to be true

everywhere, and it is now one of the embarrassing impediments besetting those attempting to construct roads so needed by the people of California to get what they raise to market.

After looking over the State, and summing up the difficulties that stood in the way of railroad building fifteen years ago, and remembering the obstacles which have been overcome, and that so many miles of railway are now in operation, I am astonished, first, at the faith of the men in their ultimate success who undertook such gigantic tasks, and, in the second place, at the results achieved.

At the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, California had no well digested scheme of railroad improvements. For years the question had been discussed, re-discussed and laid aside. San Francisco controlled most of the wealth of the State. It was intensely Democratic, with its chief city in political control. The Gwinns, Terrys, Benhams and their co-laborers in the interests of Democratic ascendancy on this coast, had no time to build railroads. They were only intent on holding the State in the orthodox faith of the defenders of the "peculiar institution." San Francisco had not a single dollar to invest in railways across the continent. Its citizens owned the steamboats that ran between here and Sacramento, and this city was the great commercial entrepot on the Pacific slope. What more was wanted? A few men, however, about Sacramento, were not content. They felt that if the State ever amounted to anything, it must have railroads, and especially one which should forever link them to the land of their fathers and the flag of their country. This trans-continental dream had flitted across the minds of a few merchants in Sacramento, and had disturbed the waking hours of Col. William Gilpin, an advanced thinker, patriot and soldier, as he had wandered backward and forward from the Mississippi river to the Rocky Mountains, and beyond. But, up to the beginning of the war, no settled plan had been adopted—nothing done, excepting as described hereafter.

The Secessionists, who swarmed in California from 1855 to 1861, did not want a railroad that should connect them by bands of iron to the States of the Mississippi Valley, the Northwest and the Federal Union. Dissevered from the Union,

geographically, by the ranges of the Rocky, Wasatch and Sierra Nevada Mountains, and, therefore, inaccessible to the armies of the United States, with Mexico adjoining California on the south, in a chronic state of revolution, Duke Gwinn and others here felt that, in case of a disruption of the Union, for which they were all anxious, they could manipulate Mexico, get control there and then attach California to that country, have a fair chance to break upon the world, and dazzle it with a newly founded empire, themselves figuring as kings, princes, dukes and lords. Such men, of course, wanted no railroads. Such agents in the civilization and development of the State were as dangerous to them as Col. Sam. Casey used jocularly to say the churches and schools were to the Democracy in Southern Illinois. Fremont was the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency, in 1856. Though not much of a candidate in and of himself, he came very nearly being elected. He was not popular in California. His weak vanity and inexplicable eccentricities had been so apparent and so offensive, that he had no very great strength with the able, earnest, rugged men who had gathered on the Pacific Coast. Still, there were men who looked beyond Fremont, and foresaw the coming conflict, and prepared themselves for the struggle. Illinois furnished some of the men who, in the years that followed, left their names forever inscribed on the history of California. In Sacramento there was a firm doing business in hardware, the members of which were shrewd New England merchants. They had reached middle life, and had realized, in a carefully conducted business, competent fortunes. Over the door of that firm, still doing business at 54 K street, in their old two-story frame building, is the sign,

.....
Huntington & Hopkins,
.....

—two genuine, old-fashioned Yankees, the first from Connecticut, and the latter from Massachusetts. They were Republicans, of course—started out as such at the organization of the party, and are so yet. An upper room over the store was headquarters for Republicans. It was here they discussed politics, and organized to fight the Democratic party in the

State; and when they tired of that, they talked railroad. In business they were cautious in the extreme. Neither of them ever speculated in mining stocks. They sold hardware, talked Republican polities, and discussed matters pertaining to railroads. Of the building and running of roads, they knew absolutely nothing. That was all Greek to them. But they felt that the State must have railroads, and especially a road across the continent. From 1856 to 1861 several companies had been chartered to build roads, but none east of Sacramento. To build a road through the Sierra Nevadas was deemed to be simply impossible, and to assert to the contrary, lunacy. Such was the general conclusion. But Huntington and Hopkins were not satisfied with this summary disposition of the matter. They continued to talk about it. They were joined by Leland Stanford and two brothers, the Crockers, natives of Indiana, from South Bend. Stanford is a native of New York, also a merchant, and afterward the first Republican Governor of the State. One of the Crockers was a judge, and both very able men. These five earnest men, busy in politics in 1856, 1859 and 1861—Stanford being elected Governor after a furious contest in 1861—sat down to scheme the building of a railroad, which then had no parallel in the world, a project which was denounced as too absurd and crazy to be listened to for a moment. But they did not give it up. They kept an engineer—the late Mr. Judah—who died before he realized the fruits of his labors—for years exploring the Sierras for a passage for a railroad. Without instruments at first, this hopeful, intrepid and intelligent explorer penetrated alone and on foot the cloud-capped Sierra Nevada mountains, remaining for months at a time, living on what he could get, and sleeping on the ground. At last he mentally wrought out the problem and determined upon the line of location, and came back to Sacramento to report. Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford and the Crockers heard Judah patiently and believed in his statements. He now wanted instruments and assistants, to demonstrate that he was not mistaken. Ten thousand dollars would be required to make the survey and location. Could such a sum be raised? Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford and the Crockers raised the

sum, and Judah went into the mountains, and it was finally demonstrated that his explorations and observations were correct, and a good and entirely practicable location could be secured. But San Francisco had nothing whatever to put in so wild a scheme, and the five men named, with two others whose names I have not at hand, organized, at Sacramento, a corporation to build the

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD

themselves. They elected Leland Stanford President, C. P. Huntington Vice President, and Mark Hopkins Treasurer. That was fourteen years ago, and all these men remain in office to-day. There never has been any change. The hardware business began to look as if it was going to be lost sight of, and that it might suffer; but such has not been the case. The old, dingy Sacramento house, in Sacramento, stands yet, and has a good stock of hardware; and another and more pretentious house, with the sign of "Huntington & Hopkins" over the door-way, may be seen in San Francisco, just a few steps off Market street, by any one curious to look at it, where a very large stock of hardware may be found.

Huntington was sent to Washington to secure a land grant and subsidy from Congress, and succeeded, so that, in 1862, this little Sacramento company found itself in full possession of an elephant of unusual proportions, and started out to raise money, in the midst of a great civil war, to build a railway through plains, hills and mountains, a distance of almost 900 miles—and not one of them knew anything about practical railroad building at all.

Before they could get any bonds, under the act of Congress, they had to build and equip a portion of the road. This was done by Stanford and his associates pledging all they had in the world for the money. When this had been done, there was some trouble about getting the bonds from the United States for the division completed, and many months went by, during which time a heavy interest account was running up. The mercantile judgment of these men was equal to the emergency. They had a valuable granite quarry the State

wanted, from which to procure the stone to build the new State House at Sacramento. This they let the State have, with free transportation over their road for all State troops, criminals, lunatics and paupers, the State agreeing to pay the interest on one and a half millions of dollars for twenty years. This arrangement wiped out the accruing interest on the money invested by them in advance of the receipt of the bonds under the grant by Congress.

Huntington went to reside in New York, and manage financial matters. He set out with the grim determination that he would not pay a dollar of commissions for anything. He sold his bonds for cash, and paid cash for what he purchased. Iron, spikes, fish-bars, bolts, locomotives—everything used, came by way of the Isthmus of Panama and Cape Horn. The bonds of the United States went down to forty cents (gold) on the dollar; freights more than doubled, and everything used in constructing the road rose vastly in value. Still, these indomitable merchants pressed the work. At one time they kept 500 men at work for a whole year, paying them out of their own private pockets. But they never went in debt. They kept men at work, but paid them all at the end of the month. So they never had a floating debt. They determined to have a first-class road, and they got it. There is no more durable and substantial road in America than the Central Pacific. In places they literally hewed out of the Sierra Nevada Mountains a track for their iron. At Cape Horn, a point near Colfax, about 200 miles from San Francisco, the track of the road in the side of the mountain is said to be about 1,300 feet above the bed of the American river. It is cut out of the mountain side, almost perpendicular at this point; and it is stated, that to enable the Chinamen to drill and blast out a foothold, they were suspended from the summit of the mountain with ropes around their bodies, and so held until they accomplished their work. I do not think an Irishman, brave and ready as he is in railroad work, could have been hired with money to perform so awful a task. Just think of it: these Chinamen dangling by ropes 1,300 feet up the sides of a mountain cliff, cutting away a place, out of the solid rock, for a railroad track! The

very thought makes one dizzy. Yet it was done, and with almost superhuman energy the work was pressed over mountains, through yawning cañons, over arid wastes, water being hauled sometimes for forty miles, until it was accomplished. The last ten miles of the 833, between San Francisco and Ogden, were completed in a single day—a feat in railroad building never equaled before or since.

A TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

Charles Crocker, Esq., tells an amusing story of diplomacy with the Indians. Somewhere in Nevada, a tribe got involved in difficulty with the Chinese, and fired into a house belonging to the company, and threatened general war on the employees. Crocker says that Durant and his people had employed United States troops all the time, even to guard the engineers of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, while the Central people took their chances and gave the Government no trouble. In the instance above alluded to, they consulted and came to the conclusion that while no *State* could enter into any treaty with a foreign nation, there was no law to prevent a *corporation* from doing so; and, therupon, they empowered their ambassador—an old chap with a woolen shirt on and who could talk Indian—to go out and make a treaty with the exasperated red-skins. He was armed with a large sheet of flat cap, decorated with bright red ribbons on each side, to be written on as he and the Indians might agree. The terms of the treaty were, that the Indians should not attack the company's houses any more, or molest any of its property, or shoot the Chinamen. The company, on its part, was to give *free rides* to the Indians, their squaws and papooses, whenever they desired. The treaty was formally ratified by the high contracting parties, and duly signed and witnessed in duplicate, and thereafter all was peace. Crocker says, the Indians would come in, light their pipes, gravely mount the construction train, look solemn, ride off thirty or forty miles, wait for the train to load up, then get on, ride back, and march off like lords, never saying a word; and they have not had any trouble in the execution of the treaty. Huntington objected on the score of a sound financial policy.

He said it was an Indian war, and the Federal troops ought to have been called out; and that then the railroad would have been the recipient of the income from the transportation of troops, munitions of war, and the hungry host of traders, sutlers and camp-followers that are so numerous when an Indian war breaks out.

Crocker tells another story, of how a Shoshone Indian brave came from a long distance to see the trains. He waited patiently, sitting flat on the ground near the track, until the train came in sight. He then rose erect, and firmly planted himself to meet the coming monster. The train consisted of two engines and thirty car-loads of iron. As it swept past, the Indian stood firm, with his eyes looking as if they would start from their sockets. When the (to him) hideous thing had passed, he started up and exclaimed: "Ugh! heap wagon, no hoss!"

The Central Pacific Railroad Company have not only built the road through the mountains to Ogden, but have secured the line from Sacramento to Redding, 152 miles due north, in the direction of Oregon, soon to be continued and connected at Roseberg, Oregon, with the line to Portland. From Lathrop the company has also built a line in the San Joaquin Valley, extending to Goshen, 146½ miles, and other shorter lines. It also controls and operates, substantially, all the lines of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Southern California, extending from San Francisco, via San Jose, to Soledad, 142 miles; from Goshen to Caliente, more than 100 miles; from Los Angeles to San Fernando, Spadra, Wilmington and Anaheim, 95 miles—in all about 330 miles—making the number of miles of road operated by the Central Pacific Company about 1,600. It has several branches now in course of construction which will, in a few months, make about 1,700 miles. Besides all this, it owns a large number of steamers plying on the Bay of San Francisco and on the Sacramento river, with shops, rolling mills, docks, and the like, worth many millions of dollars.

To show exactly the financial condition of this vast corporation that had its origin in the little city of Sacramento, backed up and supported by five merchants, now among the most notable of railroad builders in the world—four of them still living,

and controlling the company—I quote two or three items from the last report of President Stanford to the shareholders:

Total of assets.....	\$183,971,054	84
Total of liabilities.....	80,924,775	13
Net to shareholders.....	\$103,046,279	71
Gross earnings for the year ending July, 1875.....	\$14,531,355	36
Net earnings.....	8,342,808	76

These earnings are from the lines of the Central Pacific alone. The earnings of the 339 miles of the Southern Pacific are not included in the annual report. The figures I give indicate results unparalleled in the history of railroads in the United States, if not in the world.

The company has no floating debt. Its bonds in the markets on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean are little less valuable than those of the United States, and henceforth eight per cent. per annum, gold, is to be paid by way of dividend on the stock.

A most noticeable thing about this company is, that all it does is done well. There is nothing slip-shod anywhere. Its cars, locomotives, shops, houses, wharves, boats, docks—everything—are first-class. From Ogden to San Francisco the track is equal to any road in the country, while its forty miles of snow-sheds have nothing to compare with them in any country. Everything shows care, labor, economy and good judgment.

PRESIDENT STANFORD

Is a hard-working, unpretending, able man; watchful of the vast interests which have been confided to his hands from the beginning. Mark Hopkins, Esq., the treasurer, knows nothing but honest, manly toil. He is the Colbert of the corporation. The care of the accountant in the hardware store has always controlled in the office of the treasurer of the Central Pacific Railroad Company. A. N. Towne, Esq., the General Superintendent, had fourteen years training on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, and now justly ranks among the first railroad managers of the country.

I have not seen a vain, conceited employee in the service of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, except a subordinate in the Land Department, whose ill-manners and impertinence

are not worthy of remark, as he will never be heard of in connection with any project requiring courtesy, ability and the qualities of a gentleman to manage it.

THE RAILROAD WAR.

It will be remembered that Gov. Booth, some years ago, abandoned the party that elected him Governor, and made war on the Central Pacific Railroad Company as the great enemy of California, and, on the popular wave of excitement, was elected to the United States Senate. The charges made against the company were just such as we have heard all over the State of Illinois, differing only in this: in Illinois, the war has been made on a large number of railway companies; in this State, it has been against one single corporation. Booth and his friends were perhaps more openly agrarian and communistic than their counterparts in Illinois, but, in their general aims and purposes, they were the same—that is, to determine that the *ownership* and *control* of property are not inseparable, so far as corporations are concerned; but that the *State* may step in, and, backed by popular clamor, assume the management of *corporate* property at pleasure, and that corporations shall not, "as natural persons," manage their own affairs. This was the shape, it seems, in which Booth's war was made on the Central Pacific Railroad Company in California, and he secured a temporary triumph. The charges were, excessive rates on passengers and freights, and the domination of the company in the Legislature of the State.

I have looked into this controversy, and have endeavored to determine fairly its merits. The company is, and always has been, composed of old Californians. They were all Republicans, and the Central Pacific Railroad Company is to-day a Republican organization. That it has, through its president and other officers, mixed in the politics and legislation of the State, none will deny. They could not avoid it. In building 1,600 or 1,700 miles of railway, and creating, so to speak, a property worth \$200,000,000, they could not escape the State Legislature, even had they desired to do so. It is, no doubt, true that the company has been bled by legislative

vampires to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and compelled to do many very distasteful, disagreeable and improper things, and it will be made to repeat them over again in the future unless Moody and Sankey shall be called in to denounce eternal punishment against the average California legislator. All this, Gov. Stanford, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Crocker and Mr. Hopkins regret. Like Jeff. Davis, they "want to be let alone," but will not be. They are men of too much sense, experience and insight into human character, to expect to escape the spoliations of the Legislature the coming winter, or any other. They are here, and must get along the best way they can.

WHAT CALIFORNIA RAILROADS HAVE DONE.

But, turning away from the plunderings and rascally rogueries of the "corral of wild cattle" that gathers biennially at Sacramento, what have Leland Stanford and his associates done for this State of California? Let us see: In 1862, the people here had no railroads. Plundering mail contractors and stage companies held the carrying trade and passenger business of California, and, as between the Pacific Coast and the Middle and Atlantic States, communications were had overland once in about two months, and by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, *via* Panama, in about the same time. The cost of transit from New York to San Francisco was about \$300, and the same by stage-coach overland. California was, agriculturally, and in all else except the mines, as poor as poverty. To-day, the cost by sea or overland from New York to San Francisco, excluding board, is \$140—time, overland, six days; and, as a result, almost all the trade between China, Japan and the islands of the Pacific Ocean, is now gathering at the docks of San Francisco, and will, in a great measure, pass overland to Chicago and New York, and at reduced rates of freight as well as time. I saw, myself, as I came over, train-loads of tea, from China and Japan, on the way to Chicago and New York. For these vast benefits, San Francisco, its merchants and people are indebted to the energetic railroad men of Sacramento. Again, the Central Pacific Railroad runs now from

Redding, in Northern California, through the centre of the State, to Caliente, a distance of nearly 500 miles, north and south, thus opening up mainly the whole interior of the State to the hardy farmer, fruit-grower and lumberman, and increasing the value of the land more than six fold. Let us see: The line now open for traffic, in the very heart of the State, is, say, 500 miles long. Lying along this line of railway which has not cost the State one dollar, there is on each side a body of land 9 miles wide, which would be equal to 9,000 square miles, or 5,760,000 acres. This land, before the road was built, was worth, on the average, \$1.25 per acre, but no man will hesitate now to tell you that its average value is \$8 per acre. The net increased value, therefore, contributed directly to the wealth of the State, by the railroad company, is \$6.75 per acre, or a sum equal to \$48,888,000. To this sum may be fairly added the products, either present or prospective, of one-half the 5,760,000 acres of land thus directly affected. Suppose they should be in wheat, what would be the increase of wealth to the State each year? The one-half of 5,760,000 would be 2,880,000. Assume that the yield would be 20 bushels to the acre, the increased production of the State, in wheat, would be 57,000,-000 bushels per annum, which, at \$1.25 per bushel, would amount, in gold, to \$69,500,000, or a sum equal to the yield of all the gold and silver mines of the Pacific Coast. The increased value of the land has been realized already, if not exceeded, and the productive capabilities of the country opened up are fully equal to the figures given. I do not think an intelligent man in California will dispute them. Nor is this all. The railroad company has opened other lines, equal to 600 miles more, and have, in doing so, added tens of millions to the permanent wealth of the State, and infinitely to the comfort of the people. Nor does it stop here. It will continue to build roads until it shall have penetrated every accessible portion of the State, thus opening up highways for the products of the people to markets, in all directions.

The question comes up, what are the crimes of this corporation, about which there is so much noise? I answer, they are two: First, the men who have poured untold millions of dol-

lars into the various lines of these roads want reasonable passenger and freight rates for persons and property transported, of which they claim to be the judges—or, in other words, while they are conferring benefits they want some profits. Second, that Stanford and his associates have grown rich. As to the first, the rates charged for passengers is about four cents per mile, on the average. For freights, the local charges are a shade higher than in Illinois, but not in disproportion to the general charges for other things in California. As to the second, I don't think that any decent, reasonable man in the United States will say that Stanford and his associates have made any more than they should. No one charges them with being dishonest. They are only charged with exacting exorbitant freight and passenger rates from the patrons of the road. People in California pay Wells, Fargo & Co. and the Coast Line Stage Company never less than ten, and often twenty cents per mile, for passage in their stages, and I hear no complaints. They pay those rates cheerfully. But when the Central Pacific Railroad Company charges four or five cents a mile on their cars, there is a general outcry among demagogues, politicians and rapacious members of the General Assembly. In my judgment, Gov. Stanford and his associates have added in fifteen years \$300,000,000 to the permanent wealth of California, and have done already, and will do in the future, more for its permanent wealth and prosperity than all the pseudo-reformers who have been or ever will be in the State. These old fellows have been honest, hard workers. They are not stock-gamblers—never have been. They are genuine railroad builders, and each of them deserves a monument and a statue after he is dead. They ought to be rich, every one of them. They will go down to posterity as benefactors to the people of this State and the nation. So far as I am concerned, I say, "may they live long and prosper." I wish Illinois had hundreds of Leland Stanfords and such men as his associates. They are a different breed of men, entirely, from the Sharons, the Mitchells, the Floods, O'Briens and the remainder of stock operators in California. They "make two blades of grass grow where one grew before." They add to the wealth, comfort and

happiness of the farmer, the laboring classes—indeed, they are of them. Success, say I, to the wonderful Central Pacific Railroad Company in its schemes of improvement in the State of California.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Nov. 1, 1875.

LETTER No. VII.

A Bird's-eye View of California—Its Geography and Topography—Soils, Minerals and Climate, and other Peculiarities—Its Mountains—Its Lake System, Rivers and Remarkable Basins—The Present of California and Its Future Possibilities.

 N my letters, written heretofore; I have jotted down, in a very general way, my observations and impressions of whatever came in my way in my rambles about the State of California. In this letter I desire to give the reader, if I can, a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole State, as it has impressed itself on my mind.

California is, in its geography and topography, its soils, minerals and climate, one of the most remarkable spots on the surface of the earth. Its natural divisions are, isolated volcanic peaks, vast granitic elevations, precipitous mountains, fertile and delightful valleys, desert wastes, beautiful bays, swift running rivers, waterfalls unequaled on the globe, sequestered sheets of water, high up in the mountains—many of them pure, deep and cool—extensive marshes, wide prairies and dark and imposing forests of great extent. Its coast line is about 1,100 miles; its length from north to south is 800 miles; its average breadth 200 miles; its area, in square miles, about 155,000, and in acres, 100,000,000. It lies between 32½ deg. and 42 deg. north latitude—is bounded on the north by the State of Oregon, east by the State of Nevada and the Territory of Arizona, south by Mexico, and west by the Pacific Ocean.

THE COAST RANGE MOUNTAINS

Extend from Oregon to Mexico, the whole length of the State, and occupy a belt about 50 miles deep fronting on the ocean. In some places the mountains approach the waters of the Pacific, in others they recede a few miles back; in some places, through narrow valleys or deep cañons the beautiful valleys nestled in these mountains are reached from the ocean. The Coast mountains occupy about 42,000 square miles, of which 16,000, perhaps, may be classed as valley and mesa—foot-hill lands. The

SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS

Lie on the eastern side of the State, extending from Oregon to the Colorado Valley on the southeast, 700 miles, and form the natural boundary between the State of Nevada, the Territory of Colorado, and California, occupying about 40,000 square miles, very little of which can be called valley land. In the Sacramento-San Joaquin basin there are 32,000 square miles, the surface of which is slightly above the level of the ocean, and almost perfectly flat. The American Basin, or that portion of it lying in the State, is equal to 20,000 square miles. The Colorado, or Mohave, Desert, covers about 15,000 square miles, and the Klamath Basin about 8,000.

The arable or tillable lands of California cover about 50,000 square miles, or 32,000,000 acres, leaving 105,000 square miles, or 68,000,000 acres, mostly useless for any farming or fruit growing purposes.

The Coast Range mountains vary in height from 2,000 to 11,600 feet—Mount San Bernardino, nearly east of Los Angeles, reaching the latter elevation. In the Sierra and Cascade ranges the mountains reach from 5,000 to 14,900 feet above the level of the ocean. Mount Whitney is the highest; Mount Shasta is 14,442 feet; Mount Tyndall, 14,386; Mount Dana, 13,227; Mount Lyell, 13,217; and Mount Brewer, 13,886 feet above the level of the ocean.

But, whilst to the eye of the poet or the landscape painter—some wandering Bierstadt—the mountains, rearing their snow-

capped summits into the clouds, give inspiration to genius, and make the canvas glow with almost preternatural beauty, or send down streams in summer to water the parched valley, and screen the lowlands from the harsh winds and fogs of the ocean, they can not be tilled by the hand of the husbandman or reclaimed from their perpetual sterility. From their hidden stores they may yet yield to the hardy and enterprising miner the precious metals, but hitherto they have refused to do so. They are grand monuments and towering sentinels, keeping watch and ward for the nation toward the setting sun.

The great basin of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers lies between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is one of the most remarkable valleys in the world. It stretches from near the northern line of the State, at which point it drains the southern slope of the Cascade Mountains, in $41\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north latitude, to the junction of the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada Mountains, in latitude 34 north. In its winding course in the heart of the State, it averages from 50 to 75 miles in breadth, and is 450 miles in length. The Sacramento river has its source in the extreme northern part of the basin or valley, draining the southern slope of the Cascade range, and meanders, for more than 150 miles, south. The San Joaquin has its source in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, near the Nevada State line, and runs perhaps 100 miles northwest to the centre of the valley, 50 miles from the base of the curve formed by the junction of the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada Mountains, from which point it runs almost directly north until it meets and mingle its waters with those of the Sacramento. The numerous rivers flowing from the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada Mountains are short, and empty their waters into the two streams named. The latter, during the rainy season, become rapid, wide and deep rivers, overflowing, perhaps, 2,000,000 acres of "tule" land, so-called on account of the tule grass which grows in these swamps to a great height. The rivers meet near Stockton, and from thence their combined waters cut through the Coast Range Mountains at some period in the history of the earth, and formed the bays of Suisun, San Pablo and San Francisco. From these bays the accu-

mulated waters find a passage to the ocean through the Golden Gate, the only outlet for four-fifths of the waters of California. The rivers running into the ocean from the western slope of the Coast Range are short, rapid in descent, and, with a few exceptions, dry for more than half the year. South of San Francisco, the only perennial streams are the Pajora, Salinas, Los Angeles and Santa Ana. Some of the others are rapid, bold running streams during the rainy season, but speedily dry up during the summer months. A few of them are fed by springs in the foot-hills, and run out into the level lands near the ocean, where they spread out in the gravelly soil, nearly always parched and dry, and are there swallowed up in the sand. The San Diego, which, towards its source, is a handsome stream, reaches within ten miles of San Diego, and then disappears during summer. Water is readily obtained near the surface in the beds and near the banks of all these streams.

Entering the ocean north of this city are the Russian, Eel, Elk, Mad and Smith rivers—all permanent streams, but none of them of any account whatever for navigable purposes

The only lake on the coast, of any importance, is

CLEAR LAKE,

About 80 miles north of San Francisco. It is about 20 miles long, and varies in width from 2 to 10 miles. It is walled in by high mountains, and has on its margin beautiful lands, which are in an exceedingly high state of cultivation, and very valuable. Its outlet is by Cache creek into Sacramento river.

In Amador county, 25 miles east of this city, there is a small lake, covering from 150 to 200 acres, and another, called Soap Lake, of about the same size, in Pajora Valley, about 100 miles south of San Francisco. Lake Elizabeth, 40 miles northward of Los Angeles, and Alamo Lake, in San Diego county, both dry up and disappear in summer, re-appearing again in winter. In Kern county is found Lake Tulare, a broad and handsome sheet of water, surrounded by fertile soil.

The only capes on the coast of California are Mendocino, Argueilla and Point Conception. The first is 250 miles north of San Francisco, and is the most stormy and dangerous cape

to shipping on the coast. The last is the dividing line between rough and smooth water—between windy and calm weather.

The rivers of the Coast Range, running to the eastward and entering the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, are also short, small, and most of the year dry. I believe that none of them furnish much water except in very wet winters. The affluents of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, from the western slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, are numerous, and furnish an immense volume of water when the snows on the mountains, often 20 ft. deep, melt in the spring. Many of these rivers run the year round, and are invaluable in the southern part of the State for purposes of irrigation. Flowing into the Sacramento and San Joaquin, from the western slope of the Nevadas, are Pitt, Feather, Yuba, American, Consumnes, Mokelumne, Calaveras, Stanislaus, Tuolumne, Merced, King's, White and Kern rivers—all considerable streams, and well distributed the whole length of the valley. They receive the waters from nearly all the melted snow that falls on the Sierra Nevada range, as very little water from that source finds its way down the eastern face of the mountains. It is one of the mysteries of nature why such immense snow-falls should forever occur in the Nevadas, and so little cross the great San Joaquin Valley, and reach the summits of the Coast Range, not 150 miles distant. On the latter no heavy snow-falls ever take place.

East of the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, are a number of remarkable lakes, chief among which is

HONEY LAKE,

At an elevation of 5000 feet above the ocean level, and surrounded by high mountains. It is twelve miles long by five wide. This lake is fed by Susan river, a stream about 60 miles long. About thirty miles from Honey lake is Eagle lake—a small sheet of water surrounded by a barren and cheerless waste. Near the Oregon line are found lakes Wright and Rhett; and, lying partly in Oregon and partly in California, are lakes Goose and Klamath. Goose lake is the largest, being 15 miles long and five wide. All these lakes are enclosed in

the American Basin, and surrounded by sterile wastes and craggy mountains. In the winter, or rainy season, their waters are pure and sweet; in the summer, opaque, thick and bitter; and they sometimes wholly disappear.

LAKE TAHOE

Lies 6,000 feet above the ocean, and is surrounded by vast forests and magnificent scenery. This sheet of water is twenty miles long and ten wide. It is clear, cold and deep, and has, floating on its bosom, the beautiful little steamer, "Governor Stanford," which makes trips round it daily. A portion of this sheet of water lies in the State of Nevada. It has an outlet eastward into Truckee river.

In the eastern part of Nevada county a dozen small lakes may be found, called the Eureka lakes. The largest is three miles long by one wide. In Calaveras county, near the summit of the mountains, the Blue Lakes are found, filled with the purest water from the melted snows in the mountains.

I have referred already to certain

BASINS

Found in California. They are San Joaquin, the Klamath and Enclosed American.

The Sacramento-San Joaquin Basin, as already stated, is, in the main, a vast level prairie lying in the very heart of the State, 450 miles long by from 50 to 70 broad. It is only about 30 or 40 feet above the level of the ocean, and contains, of arable land, about 19,000,000 acres, or nearly two-thirds of all the tillable land in the State. Take this vast valley as a whole, it is the most remarkable body of land on the globe. Commencing at its northern extremity and extending 200 miles southward, the rainfall is abundant, and on it are grown, in the rankest profusion, all the productions of the earth, the tropical fruits alone excepted. I know of no cereal, vegetable, fruit or flower grown in any of the Eastern, Northern, Middle, Western, Southwestern or Northwestern States, that does not succeed here in the fullest sense, while many grow to greater perfection and in greater profusion than in any other portion of the United States.

Already this part of the Basin or Valley has become thickly settled, and is dotted all over with prosperous towns, villages, farms, vineyards, orchards, and happy homes. In the lower portion of the valley, or from Stockton to Bakersfield, and even farther south, the future can not be foretold. The completion of the Southern Pacific Railroad to connect with the roads of Texas, and thence east and south; and the opening up of the mineral wealth of Arizona and Northern Mexico, must make this valley, in the near future, one of the most prosperous and populous on the earth. It has all the elements of wealth, in a greater degree than any similar extent of country in the world. On its rich alluvial soil can be grown, not only the great staples of the north, but all the semi-tropical and nearly all the tropical fruits of any commercial value. The conformation of the mountains is such that they pour into this basin or valley, water in the most ample quantities for all uses, and especially for purposes of irrigation. Canals for irrigation can be easily dug at the bases of the mountains, and the water, at proper elevations, can be sent in ditches and flumes all over this stretch of level land. The winter rains, seven years in ten, produce full crops of wheat, oats, rye and barley, and by irrigation, another crop each year can be grown, thus securing perpetually, two full crops. This is being done now in this valley. From Bakersfield to Stockton, wheatfields are stretched the whole distance along the railroad, enclosing from 100 to 30,000 acres each.

The climate is all that one could desire, except, perhaps, it may be too warm during a portion of the summer. The

ENCLOSED AMERICAN BASIN,

A vast elevation of barren, cheerless, unwatered waste land, lying from 4,000 to 5,000 feet above the ocean, sweeps from the mountains walling in the basin of the Columbia river to Mexico, and occupies 15,000 square miles of Southeastern California, below the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range mountains. It has no outlet for its waters. The California portion of this basin is as dry and sterile as the Desert of Sahara, only its surface is broken by rocks, chasms, volcanic scoriæ and valleys

of sand. It has a few rivers and lakes, which are filled with alkaline and brackish water in winter, but which wholly disappear in summer, leaving only their white efflorescent salt to delude with fantastic mirages, both by day and by night, the thirsty traveler. I have wearily passed over a portion of this God-smitten waste, and do not care, unless compelled, to look upon its utter desolation again. The only rivers in California, in this basin, are

THE MOHAVE AND OWEN.

The Mohave rises in the northern portion of the San Bernardino mountain, the highest point of the Coast Range, and after running eastwardly without a tributary, about 100 miles, it is lost in the sand. Owen river runs southwardly 75 miles along the base of the Sierra Nevada mountains, and is lost in

OWEN LAKE,

A body of alkaline water 15 miles long and 9 wide, which disappears in long, hot summers. North of Owen Lake is

LAKE MONO,

8 miles long and 6 wide. It is called the "Dead Sea of California." It has in its bosom no fish; on its heavy, turgid, poisonous waters the human body will float, and its alkaline qualities are so strong as to blister the human skin. As I have stated, this desert waste is at a great elevation above the surface of the ocean, and yet there is a portion of it which lies far below. It is the

SINK OF AMARGOSA RIVER,

Or, as it is sometimes called, the "Valley of Death." It descends 370 feet below the level of the sea, and is as dry and desolate as the wildest fancy can depict. It is utterly destitute of trees, grass or any other living thing.

Such is my brief geographical and topographical sketch of this El Dorado. Comprehensively, it might be called a State walled in on all sides by vast mountains, some of which attain a greater elevation than any others in this country; a State which excels Italy for its bright sun and clear blue skies, and Switzerland for grand mountain scenery. My old

friend, Col. Frederick Hecker, of St. Clair county, after seeing the mountains of Colorado and looking on Pike's Peak, declared that there was nothing like them in Europe, Asia or Africa. He said: "I have stood on every notable mountain in Europe, Asia and Northern Africa, and I never saw, anywhere, such sublime and magnificent scenery. A man is a fool to go to the Old World to see the glories of mountain landscapes, when he can see far grander in his own country." All this was said by the old scholar, orator and patriot, after seeing the extreme eastern edge of that vast extent of mountain and valley lying between Denver, Cheyenne and San Francisco. Could he explore the grandeurs of the Wasatch and Nevada ranges, and stand thousands of feet above the line of eternal snows on the dozen peaks looking down into the great California Basin, with its cities, its towns, its villages, its farms, gardens, mines and railroads, its bright, warm valleys, its lakes, rivers, big trees, awful Yosemite, and its boiling, spouting Geysers, he would be far more impressed with the matchless scenery of his adopted country than when he so comprehensively surveyed the magnificence of beautiful Colorado.

Who can cast the horoscope of California? Who can penetrate the future and sum up its greatness, fifty years hence? Twenty-five years ago the silence of the morning of eternity brooded over most of it. A spot here and there had been visited by the vagrant Indians who occupied its southern borders; and who now and then penetrated the distant north. Three-quarters of a century before, a handful of Spanish priests had planted a few missions on its extreme western margin within hearing of the measured roll of the ocean—and that was all. To-day it has its commercial emporium teeming with a population of 200,000, and scattered over its vast extent 500,000 more industrious, hardy American citizens. In the shadows of its great mountains, in its valleys and along its rivers, the shrill whistle of the locomotive awakens the echoes of its Alpine peaks, and tells of its coming commerce, and the populations that are here to work out, on a scale of imperial grandeur, the problems of humanity under circumstances more favorable than any hitherto known to the Anglo-Saxon race.

LETTER No. VIII.

The Spanish Catholic Missions on the Shores of the Pacific — California According to the Geographers of the Sixteenth Century — Establishment of the Mission at San Diego, July 16, 1769 — Foundation of the Mission Dolores at San Francisco — Secularization of the California Missions by the Mexican Government — The Facts Concerning the Temecula Indians.



GOOD history of the Spanish Catholic Missions on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, has never been written. The journals of the servants of the church are in the jargon of the ascetic enthusiasts who first set foot on the soil of Spanish California, and are in harmony with the age of Philip II. They are mainly filled with the extravagant rhapsodies of those who, in imitation of the disciples of Loyola in India and South America, inscribed on their missals, "All for the greater glory of God," and the resulting motto, "The end justifies the means." Little is to be found in the history of Spain or Mexico which reflects any certain light on the lives and works of the founders of these ancient houses of the Papal Hierarchy along the bases of the Coast Range mountains, or, in a few places, in the interior of California, planted and sustained so long among the Indian tribes whose history rests back in the shadows of the unknown.

After the domination over the Moors under Ferdinand and Isabella, and the discovery of America by Columbus, the Span-

ish race, under the lead of the great General of the Jesuits, Ignatius de Loyola, became inflamed with preternatural zeal to convert the world to the Romish faith. Philip II ascended the throne of Spain on the abdication of his father, Charles V., in 1556. His nature was haughty, bigoted, cold, selfish, fanatical and cruel. He was an Austro-Spaniard, of the house of Hapsburg, and his long reign of forty-two years was measurably spent in efforts to exterminate Protestantism in the Spanish Netherlands, and to propagate the Catholic faith in the New World. His ascent to the throne dated sixty-four years from the discovery of America. The Inquisitorial powers of the church, with its votaries, fired by more than the zeal of Mohammed, and supported by the gloomy and faithful son of the church, whose labors, even to old age, when he could scarcely leave the Escorial on account of his awful infirmities, for the briefest relaxation, made Spain the leading Catholic missionary nation in the world.

The possessions of Philip were incomparably greater than those of any other sovereign of his time, and his revenues from the four quarters of the world were almost beyond computation. The missionaries of the Society of Jesus, while they swarmed in every nation in Europe, impelled by their zeal, following the bloody footsteps of Cortez in Mexico and Pizzaro in South America, planted the Cross among every tribe of Indians, Aztecs and the Children of the Sun, from Southern California to Patagonia. And yet, amid the tens of thousands of the followers of Loyola, not one, in the 230 years which elapsed from the formation of the order to the establishment of the first mission at San Diego, in 1769, by the Order of St. Francis, had ever, so far as known, set his foot on the soil of California. They had penetrated China, Japan, North America, South America, Mexico, the isles of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, Asia and Africa, and every portion of Europe, but not one of the great company seems to have ever seen the vast mountains and valleys of the Golden State.

The geography of the Pacific coast was but little known by those who succeeded Cortez as settlers or adventurers in Mexico. There is, in one of the libraries of San Francisco, a copy

of a map of the world, published in Venice in the sixteenth century, on which Asia is united with North America; the Colorado river is made to have its source in Thibet, and empty into the Gulf of California, 15,000 miles from the mountains of Asia. English maps, as late as 1750, made California an island, and Spanish geographies made it include the whole continent west of Canada and north of Mexico. It was in this *terra incognita* that the Franciscan monks in Mexico determined to plant the Cross, and establish, in the name of their Spanish sovereign, the religion of Catholicism. The Order of San Franciscus, in the City of the Montezumas, chose Father Junipero Serra president of the missions about to be established. This friar, true to the zeal of his order, had abandoned the chair of philosophy in the University of Majorca, his native town, to devote himself to the labors of a missionary in the New World. He had already made himself noted for his restless and arduous labors among the natives in Mexico. The annals of his order describe him as "a love-inspired enthusiast, whose eye kindled with delight at the sight of a band of savages, and whose heart thrilled with transport at the baptism of an Indian babe." The number which accompanied him was 16, all from the Convent of San Fernando. Before his departure, three vessels were fitted out at Cape St. Lucas, and dispatched for San Diego, laden with materials and supplies. Of these, history says the *San Jose* was lost with all on board, while the *San Carlos* lost all her crew but the cook and one sailor. The third vessel, the *San Antonia*, reached her destination in eight weeks, having lost many of the crew with scurvy. In March of 1769, a company of priests, soldiers and Mexican Indians started from Vilacata, in Mexico, with a drove of cattle and sheep, and reached San Diego in 52 days. Father Junipero, with his military governor, Don Gaspar de Portala, followed later in the year, he making the journey on a mule.

The Mission of San Diego was founded July 16, 1769—106 years ago, or 7 years before the Declaration of Independence. On the 25th day of October, 1776, a portion of Father Junipero's party, composed of priests and soldiers, reached the Bay of San Francisco, and founded the Mission Dolores, yet stand-

ing in this city. That handful of monks and soldiers little dreamed that, 100 years from the day on which, in the name of their patron saint, they took possession of the land adjacent to the bay, a great city would stand upon it; that it would be linked forever with New York and Boston by bands of iron, on which mighty engines, driven by a power then unknown, would be carrying to and fro the commerce of the world, and that the hated Protestants would erect numerous conventicles besides their church, as independent of their successors as though the Inquisition had never existed and Junipero had never lived.

The missions established in California numbered, I think, 21, the last being founded in Sonoma county, in 1823. They were generally located on the best harbors and places of safety for shipping on the coast, or on the best lands of the interior, near the places of most resort by the Indians. The native population were a nomadic, pastoral race, rarely cultivating the earth, but living almost wholly on the milk and flesh furnished by their herds.

The soldiers who accompanied the priests, and the military governors, appointed by the authorities of Spain, controlling affairs in Mexico, were fit representatives of the Spanish soldiers who had butchered the defenseless inhabitants of the Netherlands, under Alexander Farnese, and who had fought under the famous Duke of Parma. They had all the fierce and brutal lusts and instincts of the age of Philip II, sharpened and intensified for the work of death and pillage by the ease with which they could overcome and slay the simple, unoffending Indians.

A mission having been located, the natives were attracted, as far as possible, by gaudy and dazzling presents, and persuaded to locate near the new made settlement. They were instructed in the Catholic faith as rapidly as possible, and as soon as they could repeat the simplest prayers of the church, or pronounce a few of the names of the saints, they were baptized, and enrolled as members of the church. Admiral Beechy, of the English navy, says: "The Indians were drawn up in line, made to kneel, and then to repeat after their leader the

names of the Trinity, in Spanish: '*Santissima Trinidad, Dios, Jesu Christo, Espirito Santo.*' Then a list of *Santos* (saints), and the neophytes were dismissed to their work. Both men and women were required to labor in the service of the mission, receiving rations of *atole* and *pozoli*—varieties of potage—if faithful, and *lashes* when disobedient. They cultivated the mission fields, herded the mission cattle, and reared the mission honeses." A few seem to have been taught the simplest arts, such as to weave cloth, tan leather, and weld iron. None were taught to read, except a few musicians. There were no schools, no translations of the Bible or any other book, nor was any grammar ever constructed of the Indian language. The lives of the neophytes, after they were enrolled as Christian converts, was little less than negro slavery. The zeal of the Fathers seems to have only been to baptize converts, and then domesticate them and doom them to perpetual toil. When the Indians shunned the missions, the brutal soldiers, many of them transported from old Spain for crime, were employed by the pious Fathers to reduce them to servitude, and to make raids on remote tribes, and with the musket, the sword and stiletto drive the poor, defenseless savages by the hundreds, like so many cattle, into the folds of the church and the road to heaven, filling up the latter with perpetual toil for the benefit of these lordly spiritual guides. Men and women were whipped, and punished by confinement in the stocks, if they refused to believe or to labor. Of course, the rubric, the missal, the musket, the stiletto, the dagger, the whip and stocks were successful, so that in 1823 there were 20,826 Indians under priestly domination, while the total number of baptisms up to that time had been 76,069. Or, in other words, according to the teachings of these Franciscan Fathers, from 1769 to 1823, a period of 54 years, they had reclaimed from barbarism, and worked, whipped and (through the sanctifying influence of the stocks, hunger and slavery,) purified and sent home to the kingdom of heaven, no less than 55,243 Indians, or at the rate of over 1,000 per annum. A good work, truly, and—on the principle of the Irishman who converted the Jew to the Christian faith by ducking him in the water, and then drowned

him lest he might backslide—a most meritorious success in the eye of heaven; but, from an earthly standpoint, the ordinary statistics of mortality (50 deaths for every 1,000 Indians each year) would indicate that the conversion of the Indians to the Catholic faith was a rather unhealthy business in the days of these old missions. An ancient seer and prophet, speaking of Israel, said, "Jeshuren waxed fat and kicked"—and so did these old *padres*. They held in absolute servitude the converted Indians, and thus had labor in abundance. They had their vineyards and their olive groves in the mildest climate in the world—their cattle were on a thousand hills.

To hold the Indians in awful reverence, the ceremonies of the church were regularly maintained; but the main business of the priests, finally, was the counting of their gains and caring for their untold wealth. At one time their sheep and cattle numbered over 2,000,000, and of silver they had over \$500,000 in their treasury. But, as the boundless lust for power and wealth secured the ruin of the Jesuits, so riches and power secured the overthrow and final destruction of these regal houses of the Church in California.

In 1822, Spanish rule was overthrown in Mexico, and, upon the establishment of Mexican authority, its rulers began at once to look into the condition of the California missions. The government being poor, it began to levy on the estates of the church, both at home and in its northern dependency. In 1835, a decree of secularization was issued from the government, and the hoarded treasures of the church were seized, and the mission cattle, horses and sheep were divided among the neophyte Indians, and the lands among the soldiers, many of whom had married Indian women, so that, in 1843, only a few thousands of the Indians remained about the missions. In 1845, many of these religious establishments were sold or closed, and their glory departed forever.

For nearly three-quarters of a century the Catholic missions had exercised all the powers of church and State, without challenge or restraint. The priests admitted no white settlers. Now and then a Boston skipper dropped his anchor in the harbors and bays of the coast, and traded calicoes, sugar and

some other articles, for tallow and hides, and that was all. California, up to the conquest in 1846, was as little known, in its geography and topography, as the sources of the Nile.

Since the conquest of this State by the arms of the United States, 29 years ago, the change has been almost beyond comprehension. To that date, Indian rule and Spanish misrule had covered the history of the human race upon the soil of California. The infusion of the Latin religion and Spanish civilization among the Indians had wrought out nothing good for either. The Indians were degraded. Their intermarriages with the Spaniards had simply produced the Mexican Greaser, a worse type of humanity than either—a type which, in 29 years, has not improved in any degree under the Government of the United States, in New Mexico or California. Indeed, the history of two centuries, in Mexico and South America, has proven that the mingling of the blood of the Latin race, and its religion, with that of any race on the Pacific Coast, has produced no people, anywhere, capable of maintaining a settled, stable form of self-government; nor is there any well-grounded reason to suppose that such agencies will ever produce other than the people whose normal condition is misrule, revolution and anarchy.

Much has been said of late about the Temeenla, or Mission Indians, in Southern California, being ejected from their homes by people who had secured patents to the lands on which they lived. The facts are, the Indians never owned any lands; they had never acquired Mexican citizenship; they were mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to the priests until 1845; and, in 1846, the State of California was conquered by the arms of the United States. Under the treaty of Ganda-lupe Hidalgo, the rights of the citizens of Mexico residing in California, alone, were provided for. The Indians had no rights which white men or Mexicans respected. They were as completely unprovided for as a tribe of wandering Gipsies in Illinois. In point of fact, they do not want land. Put them on a reservation, and they will all starve. They are a docile, harmless, drunken lot of creatures, doing a little work for the farmers of Southern California, but chiefly useful as vac-

queros, or herdsmen. Their women raise a few vegetables, such as beans, pumpkins and potatoes, and smoke, and care for the children, or straggle around and do odd jobs for the wives of the rancheros. They are scattered all about in the southern part of the State, and are only happy when fed by some white man, and permitted to sleep in his sheds and outhouses, and get drunk once a week. The recent talk of an Indian war, growing out of their ejection from the lands on which they were squatters, is a fraud—an intentional fraud on the government. There has been a fellow figuring around Washington, pretending to be the chief of the Temecula Indians. His name is Olegario. He is a loafer, who spends his time about Los Angeles, and is the creature and tool of some lawyer down there, and is used to get a grab at the United States treasury.

I have looked into the claims of these Mission Indians. They are poor creatures, who ought, in some way, to be provided for; but such rascals and vagabonds as Olegario are their worst enemies and direst curses. The President ought to send the fellow home, and then find some honest man to look into these remnants of the Ancient Catholic Mission Indians of California, and report what ought to be done for them.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Nov. 16, 1875.

LETTER No. IX.

Climatic Characteristics of California—The Dry and the Rainy Seasons—Vegetables now in their Prime—The Patient, Prudent, Pig-Eyed Children of the Flowery Kingdom—The Temperature at San Francisco and at Other Points in the State—Character of Prevailing Diseases—The Fuel Question—Winter in the Mountains—The Miners—Mortality Statistics—Absence of Longevity—Fat Women.

UCH, in the way both of praise and disparagement, has been written of the climate of California. Some have described it as a land of perpetual sunshine, over which sweep forever whispering zephyrs, loaded with the fragrance of perennial flowers. Others have condemned it as a land of winds, mud, dust, and heat. Of course, both are wrong. No place, under the laws of nature as organized at present, can be perfect as to climate or anything else. All are permeated with and dominated by influences and agencies which subject man to the ills of life, and at last to the primal curse, which has from the beginning, till now, filled, and will continue to the end to fill up the charnal houses and necropoli of the world so long as the human race exists. The climate of this State has not been, and will not be, an exception. People here are born, live, suffer from the "thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to," and die just as elsewhere. There is not on this earth a place where humanity is not doomed to toil, to hunger, to pain, to disease, and to death.

Under certain conditions, life may be more endurable in one place than in another; physical suffering may be mitigated, diseases retarded in their courses, wants be more easily supplied and perhaps the average of life somewhat extended. These are all that any land, any climate can do for any son or daughter of Adam.

I came here on the 14th of September. I have been nearly from one end of the State to the other, extending through ten or more parallels of latitude, and have crossed it from side to side. I have seen it parched, ashen and without verdure. I looked with wearied eyes on its rivers, either totally dry or shrunken into little, heated, tired-looking threads of water. I have looked out and up to the summits of its wonderful and barren mountains, with their broken, craggy, barren peaks. I have seen its bright skies by day, and its clear, blue heavens in the night time; and then I have seen dense, cold, penetrating fogs fill the valleys and cover the mountains as with the pall of night. I have seen days so calm, so serene, so ineffably charming as to make one feel as if men could not die on such days; and I have seen, for days together, the rain descend in torrents, and the earth deluged with mud and water, and the rills, rivulets and rivers, which a few weeks before were as dry as dust, pour out torrents and roll with resistless fury to the ocean. Days there have been when the murky heavens, the creeping clouds, the chill winds and the soaked earth made everything wear a most dreary aspect, and caused all to feel that this is, after all, anything but the Garden of Eden, or the Land of Promise.

But, then, my readers must not forget that, here, the words spring, summer, autumn and winter, have no application. There are only two seasons—the wet and the dry. The dry season begins about the first of May and ends about the first of November—six months. It sometimes begins as early as the first of April. During these months, there is no rain at all. Umbrellas may be locked up as useless, and “stove-pipe” hats may be worn with absolute safety. During all these months, there are, beyond the reach of ocean fogs, cloudless skies, blue heavens and starry nights. From November to

May, it may rain any time, especially to the first of March. The months of November, December, January and February, are the "rainy season."

Up to the first day of this month, except where irrigation was employed, the surface of the earth, all over California, was as parched and dry, and as free from vegetation, as the Nicholson pavement around the public square in Springfield was any day last summer. The first shower was on the first day of the month. Since then there have been only a very few dry days.

The ashen-looking hills around San Francisco, about which I wrote in my second letter, are looking like mountains of emerald. The flowers are out in all their beauty, and the vegetable gardens are in the height of their perfection. As I write, I look out of my window and see long lines of Chinamen, on their odd trot, bearing on their bowed shoulders, across the bases of their necks, poles, on the end of which are suspended large baskets of every variety; and from now until next June, the gardens will continue in all their fruitfulness, and the patient, prudent, pig-eyed children of the Flowery Kingdom will reap their harvest. The dusky children of Japhet, who till the soil all along the Nile and its wonderful Delta, are no more dependent on that stream for its annual inundation of their lands for a crop, than are the people of California on these months of rain for all that supports life grown from the earth.

The day of rejoicing is when the rains begin to descend, and the vegetable and floral worlds begin to array themselves in beauty, and give renewed assurance that "seed-time and harvest shall not cease." The planting season is now beginning; much of the wheat is already sown, and much will yet be put in between now and the first of February. The certainty of a full crop next May and June, depends on the quantity of rain which falls between now and April. Twenty inches will produce a fair crop; thirty inches, a heavy one. So, the farmers are happy when the rains come in torrents, and, for them, the more the better.

As we use the word in Illinois, it is never cold in California, except in the mountains. The mercury rarely descends to the

freezing point, and it generally, in all the winter months, stands above 50 degrees, and often as high as 70. Still, the winter months, in the central and northern parts of the State, are, on many accounts, not very pleasant. One always needs heavy woolen clothing, to protect the person from the chilly, moist air, which is full of rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous ills of all sorts for those who are thoughtless about health.

On account of the high prices of fuel, fires are not generally used. Thousands of people who live in the hotels and lodging-houses of the cities and towns never have fires at all. If fuel was as cheap as in the Valley of the Mississippi, and used as freely, the ills of life here would be greatly diminished. The long rains fill the houses, and especially the sleeping apartments, with moisture and unhealthy air. The beds and bed-clothing become damp; the person becomes more or less chilled, so that fire would be a great comfort, as well as a source of health. While I write to-night, I have no fire in my room; the air is chill and damp; my feet and hands are cold, and I have on my light overcoat. For some weeks past, I have felt the twinges of rheumatism; and so it must be with all who dispense with fires in their rooms.

When I first came here, I saw many advertisements in the columns of the newspapers of "sunny rooms" to let. The weather was then hot and dry. It struck me as somewhat singular. I then remarked that all residences and lodging-houses had bay-windows to the east, south and west. I found few houses surrounded by shade trees, even in the Santa Clara Valley, settled more than fifty years ago. On inquiry, I found, in the morning and evening of every day in summer, or the dry season, the sun is regarded as indispensable to health and comfort. Ladies, in the mornings and evenings of summer days, are seen everywhere, wrapped in shawls and furs, sitting in the bay-windows, behind the glass, in the sun. In this city, especially, furs, shawls and wraps, are essential for the health of women and children. Fires are used by those who can afford them. I have not yet seen a night when a heavy pair of blankets were not needed for comfort and sound sleep.

More heavy furs are worn in San Francisco, by ladies, than in St. Louis or Chicago, taking the year round. In summer, of afternoons, all who can afford them wear furs. All fine carriages, at all seasons, day and night, are provided with robes, many of them of great value.

In this city I think the average temperature may be stated as follows: Wet season, from November 1 to the 1st of May—sunrise, 44 deg., midday, 56 deg. Dry season—sunrise, 50 to 55 deg., midday, 70 to 80 deg. In some of the valleys in the interior of the State, in the dry season, the mercury stands, at sunrise, 56 to 65 deg., and at midday from 90 to 100 deg. In the southern portion of the State the mercury has risen often to 110 deg. But owing to the dryness of the air and the rapidity of the evaporation of the moisture of the skin, heat is not so much felt here as where there is more humidity in the atmosphere. Besides, there are no hot nights in California. Woolens are needed for clothing in the evening at all seasons of the year.

As I have said in the beginning of this letter, people die here just as they do anywhere else. They have all the diseases here that they do elsewhere. On the coast and in the mountains are to be found rheumatism, neuralgia, affections of the bowels, kidneys and heart. In the valleys malarial diseases are found to prevail, and, in some seasons, in the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley, with great severity. In this city and vicinity people are not free, by any means, from diseases of the respiratory organs. In San Francisco, in 1871, there were, in a population of 150,000, 3,214 deaths—21 to each 1,000. Of these, 518 died of consumption—about 16 per cent. of the whole number. It may be true that many of those who died came here sick. Of this, however, there is room for doubt, as people with weak lungs, coming to California for health, avoid this city as a place where they can not reside with any degree of safety. But after all is said

CALIFORNIA MUST BE A HEALTHY STATE.

People do not suffer so much, either, from climatic changes as in the States east of the Rocky Mountains. They are not so much exposed to the extremes of heat and cold. The dry sea-

son begins in May. By the last of June the crops are all harvested and all vegetation is dead. From the first of July to the commencement of the rainy season, people do but little work on their farms. The time is spent in trading, in visiting, gathering fruits, and holding fairs. People do not labor as much on their farms as in Illinois. The rains make their crops, and the dry weather protects them. Their stock run in the fields, and eat the dry grass in summer, and green grass in winter. There are very few barns for housing stock. They are not necessary, as cattle and horses are healthier out of doors. Hence the feeding of stock in the hard winter weather of Illinois is unknown here.

The preparation of fuel is not regarded as of much moment in California. The quantity used being small, wood and coal houses are not filled in October and November. The making of fires in the morning, the warming of rooms, the anxiety about the house plants, the water pipes and the vegetables in the cellar, are unknown here. The Chinaman makes a little fire to dry the room, the plants are set out of doors, the water pipes are left in the open air, the vegetables are put in the store room, and of cellars—there are none. Most of the fuel used in San Francisco are the coals from Australia, England, Scotland and British Columbia. Soft coal is worth about \$15 per ton. It is no better than that furnished in Springfield at \$2. Wood—and that not of the best quality—is worth about \$9 per cord, but so little is used that its cost is but a small item in the expenses of a family.

IN THE MOUNTAINS

The weather in California, during the winter months, becomes very cold, and the snow-falls are very great. The cañons, ravines and depressions are filled to the depth of many feet, and human life is often imperiled. The miners in the Sierra Nevada are already beginning to come to this city and arrange for the winter. Their coming is always a matter of rejoicing to owners of lodging-houses, boarding-house keepers and hotel people, but especially so to the stock gamblers who swarm in California street. The miners, as a class, are much like the trappers of

olden times in St. Louis and Detroit. The trappers would get to those cities in early summer, and by autumn spend every dollar they had, and then leave for their hunting grounds. So of the miners. They get here in the fall with plethoric purses; by spring they are destitute of cash and again off to the mines. They are good fellows, true to each other, and generous to a fault.

From what I have been able to gather in the way of mortality statistics, I am not inclined to the belief that people will attain to great ages in California. I have seen but few old men, and still fewer old ladies. Mayor James Otis died here the other day. The papers spoke of him as being one of the oldest citizens. On inquiry, I found he was forty-nine. Ex-mayor Thomas J. Selby died a few months ago. He was another old citizen, a little beyond fifty. I think that most of the people die here between fifty and sixty. I do not assert this as a fact—it is only stated as an impression. Ladies become fat before they are forty, and many of them are very stout. I have seen more fleshy ladies in California, in proportion to numbers, than I ever saw anywhere else. But I am told that this tendency to obesity is no evidence of robust health, but rather the reverse. There is a good deal of talk about paralysis and heart disease among ladies. Men appear robust, but I think the mildness of the climate goes far to sustain them, and that when the break comes, the vital functions are so far exhausted that they are a good deal like Deacon Jones' "One-Horse Shay," without, like it, having lasted a hundred years and a day.

And now, like all things else, this letter must end. I look at my watch. It is 12 o'clock midnight. The last minute of the last day of another week—gone forever. The city is sleeping around me. I am a stranger here still. Far, far away, I have a home and loved ones. When shall I see it and them? I listen. The measured roll of the ocean is heard. Its weltering, heaving tides know neither rest nor slumber. But this tired hand must rest and these weary eyes slumber. Good night.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Nov. 27, 1875.

LETTER No. X.

An Overland Trip to Southern California—Tehachipi Pass—A Marvel of Railroad Engineering—A Mixed Stage Load—A Tehachipi Dinner—The Southern California Mountains—The Mohave Desert and its Discomforts—California Brigands—Arrival at Los Angeles.



POLOGIES are scarcely permissible in a newspaper correspondent, yet I beg to make one to the readers of the JOURNAL—or such of them as may have read, with some degree of interest, my letters—for my silence for some weeks past. My failure to send weekly letters has been wholly unavoidable, as business, the cares and anxiety about my invalid son, constant travel, and want of time, have made writing at any length impossible.

On the first day of December I left this city for Southern California. I had intended to go by the ocean route, but, the weather being extremely foggy, and at sea very uncomfortable, and the dangers of a voyage down the coast on a heavy sea in the old steamers which form the steamship lines being very considerable, I determined to take my chances inland, and undergo the discomforts of staging and the risks of being robbed by the marauding wretches who, of late, swarm all over the southern portions of this State.

The trip from San Francisco to Caliente, a distance of more than 300 miles, was made over the Central and Southern Pacific railroads. These lines lie over the great plains in the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and at present terminate at Caliente, a little town at the junction of the

Coast Range and Sierra Nevada Mountains, at the base of what is known as the Tehachipi Pass. The name of the town signifies hot. It was formerly called *Aqua Caliente*, or hot water, on account of the presence of some thermal springs in the vicinity. Before describing our stage ride, I think it will interest my readers to give a sketch of the wonderful engineering on the Southern Pacific railroad to overcome the elevation of the

TEHACHIPI PASS.

The mountains dividing the San Joaquin Valley from the Mohave Desert are about thirty-five miles across. The elevation of the pass is, perhaps, 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is reached through the wildest and most picturesque scenery in California. The railroad is located through these mountains so as to secure sufficient length of line to overcome the elevation of the pass. The road winds up the sides of the great headlands, passing around and through them for ten or eleven miles, and at the end of that distance is but a mile and a half or two miles from Caliente. But in its course there are no less than sixteen tunnels—in point of fact, the greater portion of the whole distance is made up of these tunnels. At one point, in securing length of line to overcome the grade, the roadway passes entirely around the mountain, and crosses the line of its own track at an elevation of perhaps 125 feet *above* the track of a tunnel *below*. Taken altogether, this is one of the most remarkable feats of engineering in the country, and reflects great credit on Col. Grey, the chief engineer of the company. There are now employed on the cuts, fills and tunnels of this great undertaking, about 5,000 Chinamen, whose tents cover the mountain sides in all directions, looking very much like the encampment of an army. They work both day and night, and when their blasts are touched off in the rocky cuts in and along the mountain sides, their rolling and reverberating thunders remind one of the battles fought by Sherman during his campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta. This Southern Pacific railroad is but another name for the Great Central, as it is owned and managed by the latter. The line from Caliente is to connect, by July next, with Los An-

geles, and thence to Colorado and into Texas through the San Bernardino mountains. The line, from Los Angeles to the western rim of the Mohave Desert, a distance of nearly 100 miles, is already completed. The distance from Los Angeles to Caliente is 125 miles, so that, by July next, a line of railway from this city will be running almost to Fort Mohave, on the Rio Colorado, a distance of more than 600 miles; all of which will have been accomplished while Col. Tom Scott and his Texas Pacific people have been hanging on and imploring Congress to give them \$50,000,000 or more to aid them to build their road as a competing line to these Central and Southern Pacific railroads.

Some 25 miles above Los Angeles is another great tunnel through the summit of the San Fernando mountain. Its length is 7,700 feet. On and in it about 1,500 Chinamen are engaged. They alone are worked on these stupendous undertakings. The company pays them \$1 per day, gold, and they board themselves. Competent judges say that they are more valuable here as railroad hands than any other class. They are sober, industrious and faithful, and, above all, are peaccable, kindly disposed, and make no rows.

On my way down, I took stage at Caliente for San Fernando, 100 miles distant. It was a regular old-fashioned Concord vehicle, intended to carry nine persons inside and four on top. On this trip we started with eleven inside, one on the seat with the driver, and a small John Chinaman on top. Inside were, a battered stove-pipe-hatted man from Oregon, his wife, a boy about fifteen years old, who could not sit still, and a small child. These occupied the back seat. On the front seat sat an ancient Spanish lady, enormously fat, so much so that she was too rigid to adjust herself to the seat, and so kept slipping off all the time. Next to her sat a Mexican, and next to him a melancholy, cadaverous, hungry-looking Swede, whose length of limb was simply fearful in a stage coach. On the center seat sat, on one side of the coach, Col. A. B. Clark, from Georgia, connected with the Treasury Department at Washington; next to him some woman going to Los Angeles, looking up her husband; in her arms she had a child about three years old that

wanted water all the time; and next and last, in front of the long-legged chap, sat the writer. Immediately behind me sat the Oregonian. His curiosity was very great, and his desire to enjoy the magnificent scenery irrepressible. His knees were in a state of constant motion, and being a rather tall specimen of man, they were by no means pleasant things to my back. His head was also in and out of the stage window like perpetual motion, and his remarks frequent and his admiration of everything unbounded. My long-legged Swede would open and shut himself like a long-bladed jack-knife, and for twenty miles he seemed to have resolved himself into a state of continued doubt as to whether he would shut up or open out full length, and he thus managed to keep himself in a state of continual motion. Mr. Clark, on his side had the boy of the Oregonian bobbing up and down, leaning over and on him, wriggling and squirming until patience ceased, and Clark informed the rising hoodlum that he had engaged a seat in the stage, and that he must keep it, and not attempt to ride too much on his back. By the time Clark had squelched the boy, the ancient Spanish lady had gone fast to sleep, and was gradually sliding out of her seat and depositing most of her weight on him. He finally became desperate, and, at the end of our second run, got out and relieved himself by pouring all the warmth of Caliente on both boy and the aged, fat and sleepy old duenna. In the meantime, I discovered that the small Chinaman had reached the end of his journey, and was *non est*. Clark and I then mounted to the top of the stage, and had no further trouble with the mixed crowd inside.

The ride over these Tehachipi Pass Mountains is one of singular and imposing grandeur. Let my readers imagine themselves placed on the top of an immense stage, drawn by six heavy and fiery horses, on a broad, smooth road, cut out of the mountain sides for many miles; climbing up, up, up, until the valley below lies one, two or three thousand feet deep, and, in some places, the sides so steep that a goat could hardly climb them—and they can then form some conception of that ride. A mile off, across the immense cañon, the Chinamen could be seen pouring in and out of the railroad

tunnels, looking like rats, and the openings of the tunnels looking like squirrel holes. Occasionally, a puff of white smoke would be seen on the sides of the mountains, and then another, and another, followed by the cannon-like report of these powder-blasts, until fifty or perhaps a hundred of them were exploded, making quite a display of mimic war. Winding around gorges and cañons, every now and then we would cross the line of railway, and here would be found a little city of Chinamen's tents. These mountains are partially covered with live oak, and in some places the white oak was found. Near the Tehachipi Pass summit, we reached a valley, some five miles long and perhaps a couple of miles wide, in the centre of which is the village of Tehachipi, consisting of the stable of the Telegraph Line Stage Company, a board grocery, a sort of shanty hotel and a few other wooden houses without paint. Here, we got dinner—and such a dinner! Beef, that required the grinding powers of a stamp mill to masticate; mutton stew, that one might fairly take for Mexican "olla podrida;" butter, that was strong enough to overwhelm one with surprise the moment it was tasted; coffee, as weak and villainous as the butter was strong and disgusting; bread, looking as if it had come down with the dust of the middle ages upon it, and strong enough with saleratus to turn one's stomach. The execrable compound looked as if it had been struggling to put on the hues of the Chinaman, and had succeeded. Then, and finally, came a sort of purple-colored bean, called "bayo," and the desert, in the shape of a pie, which was the crowning outrage of that gorgeous failure—as a dinner. The red-shirted wretch who sat the incomparable repast modestly taxed each of us fifty cents. My recollection is, that I was not hungry after I sat down, although I thought I was, as I had contributed seventy-five cents at Caliente for what I had concluded was the meanest meal I had eaten in the State, but which was made respectable by the compounds of the Tehachipi swindle.

A ride of about seven miles, during which Clark had relieved himself of nameless and most potential curses on the dinner he did not eat, except the bayos, brought us to the

SUMMIT OF THE PASS.

The scene can never be forgotten. To the north and west, in all their solemn and awful grandeur, lay, walled up towards the heavens, the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range Mountains, while below these vast monuments of the wonders of creative power, nestled a thousand peaks, each one in itself a high monntain; and over all, the sun gleamed in beauty. The lights and shadows of that matchless spectacle will dwell in the halls of memory throughout life, and perhaps eternity. Looking to the east and south, the eye swept the vast Mohave Desert, with its dismal, oppressive and perpetnal sterility. Far off to the east were seen, lying in their remote and grand repose, the Mountains of Colorado, beyond the Colorado river, perhaps 150 miles distant. To the southeast, and far beyond Fort Ynna, piercing their hazy peaks towards the clouds, lay the Mexican range. To the south, and directly in front of us, lay the San Bernardino range, dominated by

MOUNT SAN BERNARDINO,

Which is 11,600 feet high, covered on its grand, broad summit with perpetual ice and snow. This range lies south, 75 miles from the pass, across the arm of the desert which pushes itself westward towards the ocean. To the southwest—and over which our road lay to Los Angeles—the San Francisco and San Fernando Mountains are interposed. Scattered about in the desert were seen hnge hills, apparently pushed up through the bottom of the arid plain, but as bare of all verdure as the desert waste itself. This Mohave Desert, and that portion of the Enclosed American Basin which lies in southeastern California, is one of the most dismal portions of the earth.

To the far south, near Fort Yuma, in the sonthern portion of the desert, are found mud volcanoes, sponting hot, dark, pitchy mud. Farther north is found the Dead Sea of California, or the receptacle of the waters of the Owen river. The waters of this lake, for it is Owen Lake, are so alkaline as to almost make soap when mixed with grease. Still to the north lies the Sink of Amargosa river, called the Valley of Death.

Over all this hideous region of our country, sweep winds that make one almost shudder to remember.

As we descended from the mountain and reached the foot-hills, the wind began to be felt in constantly increasing force from the northwest. All around us bore evidence of the fury of these storms. The southern slopes of the mountains are smooth, hard sand, and the foot-hills are denuded of all vegetation, except the dagger cactus and bunches of grease wood. White pebbles glisten in the sun in countless numbers, some as large as a hen's egg. The winds do not always blow, and they are variable in their violence. They sometimes are so strong as to stop the stages, fill the whole air with sand and pebbles, and even endanger human life. On the day we crossed the arm of this desert, the stage driver said the winds were not severe. The morning had been perfectly delightful. The curtains of the stage were all up and the windows all down; but when we struck these chilly blasts, the curtains were let down and the windows were put up. Shawls, overcoats and blankets were brought into use. Clark and myself held to our seat outside. The wind blew so strong that we had to hold on to our hats with our hands, and even tie them on with handkerchiefs. At times it would seem as if we would not be able to maintain our position. About half-way across this God-forsaken place is "Willow Spring," where there is a stage stand and a supper place. The sun had not gone down. Chilled, covered up with sand, and out of humor, we descended and took our suppers. It was a human meal as compared with our dinner. We paid 75 cents, mounted to our seats, and drove out into the desert.

WILLOW SPRING

Issues from a small elevation in the desert, and sends off a stream of water which would fill a two and possibly a three inch pipe. There is a pretty pond near the stage house, and from it the water runs out some miles into the desert before it finally disappears. There are a few stunted willows at the head of the spring, but nothing else. Not a weed, not a blade of grass or any green thing do the waters of this oasis produce

from the earth. Around the pond I counted numerous carcases of dead horses and cattle. Starved and famished they came, and drank, and died.

On this dreary portion of the earth nothing grows except the dagger cactus and grease wood. The first of these productions is worthy of notice.

THE DAGGER CACTUS

Has leaves shaped almost precisely like a bayonet. The points are tipped with a black, hard substance, and as sharp as a needle. Some of them are three feet long, and are stiff enough to run through a man or kill a horse. These cacti grow into trees. I saw on the desert hundreds of them from 20 to 30 feet high, with well defined trunks 10 and 15 feet to the first limb, and many of them from 12 to 15 inches in diameter. They are of no known use. They produce no fruit, but stand out in this region of utter desolation in harmony with all else.

We reached the base of the San Francisco Mountains about 9 o'clock at night. In these mountains is found Lake Elizabeth, whose gleaming waters we saw by star-light. It is about two miles long and one broad. From this point, shut in by frowning mountains, threading our way through dark cañons, we rumbled along. The desert winds had not followed us, but we were most uncomfortably chilled. We talked of robbers. The stage on which we rode had been robbed of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s box the night before, and almost in sight of Caliente. But no brigand made his appearance, and at 4 o'clock in the morning, 5 hours behind advertised time and 21 hours after entering the stage, we reached the little village of San Fernando, at the foot of the mountain of that name, 20 miles from Los Angeles, where we took the cars, and at 5:30 o'clock reached the "City of the Angels," and, tired, cold and sleepy, went to bed.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Dec. 20, 1875.

LETTER No. XI.

A Sea Voyage to San Diego—Getting on Board at San Pedro in a Rough Sea—Gen. Vandevere, of Iowa—The Temecula Indian Claim—An Indian Ring in Southern California—Delights of the San Diego Climate.



Y last letter left off at Los Angeles, which is, as stated in a former letter, 368 miles from San Francisco by sea, and 420 by rail and stage.

I spent a single day in the city of "The Angels," parted company with my friend Clark, and left for San Diego to see my invalid son. The reader will remember that Los Angeles is 22 miles from sea, up the river, and Wilmington is the port town, while the harbor is San Pedro, 5 or 6 miles still further down, outside the bar, where all heavy vessels lie at anchor. Wilmington is reached by a branch of the Southern Pacific railroad, and the vessels in the harbor or roadstead, by the little steamer *Los Angeles*. We ran alongside the steamship *Orizaba* at 2 o'clock P. M. The sea was indulging in an exceedingly heavy "swell," and the steamer lying at anchor was rolling like a log. Had it not been dangerous, one could not have helped laughing to see the passengers from the little *Los Angeles* getting up the ship's sides over the gangways. The planks were pushed out to a lighter-boat, and lashed fast to the ship. On this boat the passengers were landed. When the ship was trimmed, the gang planks were easily walked, but when it rolled from the lighter, the planks were at an angle of about 90 degrees, and required the strength of about

four able-bodied men to hold on to them and have them in place for the passengers when the vessel rolled the other way. Whenever the motion of the steamer was in the direction of the lighter, the passengers would make a run, and half a dozen or so would reach the ship, the sailors literally snatching in the last ones as the vessel tumbled to the other side. The performance was really dangerous. Finally all were safely on board, when, in less than an hour, more than half of the new passengers were enduring all the horrors of sea-sickness. Owing to the motion of the ship, but little freight could be either discharged or received. But towards night the waves became less violent, and by midnight we were under way for San Diego.

During the afternoon I spent the time with Gen. William Vandevere, of Dubuque, Iowa, who was for many years the personal and political friend of the lamented Douglas, and his champion in the Hawkeye State. Gen. Vandevere distinguished himself in his patriotic devotion to the country and by his gallantry during the war. After its close he was a member of Congress from Iowa, for some years. At present he is United States Inspector of Indian Agencies, and is on this coast, under orders to inquire into the wants, and provide, as far as he can, homes for the Mission Indians in California. In this he has a most responsible and delicate work to perform. This State, like all the others of the Union, is not free from human selfishness, greed and readiness, through its rings and sharpers, to levy on the Treasury of the United States, and share in the spoils of official knavery and corrupt political life.

The reader will remember that last summer, or early in autumn, there was some little excitement produced by certain parties who, under the forms of law, secured the ejectment of a number of Indian families from a ranch in San Diego county, on which they had lived for many years. The total number of Indians thus ejected was, perhaps, sixty. There was some feeling about the matter, and the action of the parties securing the eviction of the Indians was sharply criticised at the time. In October last I was in San Diego, and met Mr. Bryden, the

Indian Agent for California, and from him and several attorneys learned that the Indians were mere squatters; that their houses were built of reeds and sticks; that they had no farms, and but very few horses or cattle. It turned out to be true, also, that the male Indians were scarcely ever at home, being employed as herdsmen, shepherds, sheep shearers, farm hands, or were common lazy vagabonds about the towns and drinking places. The women are very much like the men, almost wholly given to a vagabond life, swarming about the towns and, as generally and openly stated, utterly oblivious to the obligations of the marriage relation. These Indians have never had anything like schools, are ignorant to the last degree, and simply doomed, by their laziness and vices, to early extinction. The Temeculas were the tribe turned out, as was stated by the newspapers East, and doomed to suffer all the horrors of an inclement winter. The utter absurdity of these dismal forebodings was only equaled by the ridiculousness of its falsehood, as to-day the mercury stands, all over Southern California, and especially in San Diego, at noon, at 75 degrees in the shade; and whatever grows in that part of the State matures between November and May. It is the Indian's summer. Then he can get fruits, vegetables, water and whatever else he lives upon.

At the time of my first visit to San Diego, the people of that little city were indignant at the imputation that their sheriff had done anything not in accordance with the highest claims of morality and official duty. They said, and with seeming reason: Did not the owners of the Cajon Ranch eject 20 white families from their homes, which they had occupied many years? Did any one cry out at the injustice of turning away these poor white people from their old homes? Why, then, make such an outcry about ejecting a lot of worthless Indians from lands which they never owned and never intended to own? These San Diego utterances seemed to me to have much of argument about them, and to go far to show that no great injustice, in this special instance, had been done these straggling old Mission Indians. On meeting Gen. Vandevere, I found out that my suspicions, aroused some time before, were

correct, and that the sharpers about San Diego and other places in this State had organized an Indian steal, or swindle, of unusually large proportions. The facts soon became patent that a ring had been formed. The ranches in San Diego county were all pooled in the hands of the ring, and an order was procured from the Indian Office in Washington, directing Gen. Vandevere to secure, *at once*, by purchase, or lease with the option to purchase in from 3 to 5 years, lands sufficient for homes for *all* the Indians in San Diego and San Bernardino counties, and especially in San Diego. I inquired of agent Dryden how many there were of these Indians in that county. About 1,500, he replied. I suggested that they were not all Temeculas, as that tribe had only about 18 families, and no others had been disturbed. I suggested, further, that there were several fragments of tribes besides the Temeculas, and to crowd them together on the same ranches would only secure to them the fate of the Kilkenny cats. He replied, that it was thought best to provide for all, as the government was about it. How much land will it take? I asked. He replied that it would take from 30,000 to 45,000 acres in each county. What will the land cost per acre? Perhaps \$5, possibly more. Here was a clear, bold plan to plunder the people of the United States of a sum from \$400,000 to \$500,000, to furnish homes for sets of Indians who would not live on them, and, if compelled, would at once get into a sort of Williamson county war amongst themselves. But hold; this scheme was not to furnish homes for the Indians, but to line the pockets of a set of men whose great aims are to skin the government. The rascally device was altogether too gauzy, and Gen. Vandevere saw through it at a glance. I do not think the San Diego crowd will get many ranches off upon him.

But it is a matter of public interest to know who organized this impudent, shameless steal in Washington. Who was it that procured the mandatory order on Gen. Vandevere to purchase or lease, *at once*, ranches for homes for these California Indians? It will be the duty, as I have no doubt it will be the pleasure, of Secretary Chandler to nip this shameless attempt to plunder the treasury in the bud, and at once.

We landed at the dock at San Diego at 10 o'clock. Gen. Vandevere, I observed, was provided with a carriage to take him to the Horton House, and although he had not been at San Diego before, he was the recipient of the most distinguished consideration. I had been in that city before. I went there a stranger, with a sick son. I was civilly received, paid my bills, and that was all. On my way I passed a livery stable, and ordered a buggy, to drive out with my sick boy; but the suspicions of my doing some damage to the well-laid plan of the ring were aroused, and before I could swallow a mouthful of lunch two distinguished gentlemen called, each in a buggy, to take me out riding. It had dawned on the members of this scheming crowd that the sad, weary and neglected man who had walked their streets eight weeks before without notice, and on whom a leading citizen said to a friend "he had no time to call," was now a personage of so much note as to demand immediate attention. Reason why? *A ranch might not be sold!* I was a stranger, but not taken in by the thin, new-born friendship. The ranch has not been sold, either. Such is human nature. A sick man and stranger should not go to San Diego if he has no friends, unless he has means, and then he should not die there and have his estate administered upon. In the latter case, however, matters have been improved of late by the election, as County Judge, of the Hon. M. A. Luce, who is a worthy man, and an honest, able lawyer. It is said that no estate has ever been settled in San Diego county that did not end in bankruptcy.

While the climate of Southern California is perfectly delightful, and ought to be a sick man's paradise, it has some drawbacks. San Diego is a pleasant little city, and has an intelligent, active and enterprising population. Many of its citizens are kind-hearted and hospitable, but it has, for its size, by far too many people in it who expect, through Tom Scott, the Indians, selling ranches to the government, getting troops quartered down there, or in contracts of one sort and another, to make money. They impress one with the idea that he is surrounded by people who are "on the make," and that all statements as to land, water, the value of town property and

the future of the city, are to be taken with many grains of allowance. A stranger is constantly impressed that he is in the midst of scalpers who will combine crooked ways to fleece him. San Diego is an expensive place to live in. Almost everything is high. At the Horton House, a hotel about as good as the St. Nicholas, in Springfield, we pay \$3 per day, gold, or \$15 per week. Wood is worth about \$10 per cord, the cord consisting of two lengths of ordinary stove-wood say fifteen inches long, eight feet long, four feet high, and not good at that. Board at private houses is from \$7 to \$10 per week, and much complained of as being anything but good.

What San Diego wants is, a laboring population, that will go into the valleys and develop the water, till the soil, raise fruits and vegetables, and produce milk, butter and poultry—do something besides watching to skin some one. It can be made a little paradise, instead of a place only desirable as a home for what God and nature have done for it.

The climate at San Diego, while I remained, was positively heavenly. I was there during most of December, and the mornings were warm enough for a person to sit out of doors, with his ordinary clothing on, and be perfectly comfortable. At noon, the mercury ranged from 70 to 75 degrees, and the evenings were as balmy as the softest days of May in Illinois. What a comfort it would be to all our loved invalids at home to sleep in such an atmosphere—to be lulled to rest by the measured murmers of the ocean, instead of shivering in the wintry blasts of Springfield!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Dec. 22, 1875.

LETTER No. XII.

The Return from San Diego—The Voyage to San Pedro—Jimmy Larkin, the Steward of the Steamer Ancon—A Visit to San Bernardino—Its Location and Early Settlement—The Starke House—San Bernardino Valley and Mountain—The Advantages of the Former as a Resort for Invalids—A New Year's Greeting from the Pacific Coast.

N the afternoon of a delightful day of last month, at four o'clock, I bade good-bye to San Diego, and, on the ship *Ancon*, steamed out of the most beautiful harbor on this coast, for the roadstead of San Pedro. Just as we were ready to sail, the Pacific Mail steamer *City of Panama*, from Panama direct, came into port and dropped her anchor a few lengths of the ship distant from the *Ancon*. The sail to San Pedro is only about 100 miles, and is made in about 12 hours. To those who do not get sea-sick, it affords a pleasant night of sleep, in an atmosphere of singular serenity, tempered by the balmy breezes of the ocean that lull the traveler to rest.

At six o'clock the next morning, the passengers for Los Angeles were roused from their slumbers. The ship had been riding at anchor for three hours. The steward had breakfast ready, and the harbor steamer was in sight to take the passengers over the bar and up to Wilmington, where the cars awaited us.

A word about the steward of the *Ancon*: His name is James Larkin. He belongs in Buffalo. "Jimmy" Larkin

was many years steward, and sometimes mate, on the North Shore Line of steamers that used to ply between Detroit and Buffalo. The first time I ever saw him, he was steward on the *Plymouth Rock*. That was in 1853. I was a sick man, going off from the fevers of Southern Illinois, and away from the Illinois Central railroad, on the construction of which I was then engaged, to either die or get well. I was a passenger, on a stormy day and night on Lake Erie, on board the *Plymouth Rock*, from Detroit to Buffalo. "Jimmy" was a kind and obliging officer, and did all he could to make his passengers comfortable. After that time, and for some years, he sailed a vessel on Lake Michigan, making Chicago his headquarters. Then he wandered off to this coast, and has been here for some years in the employ of Goodall, Nelson & Perkins, agents for the line of steamers bearing their names. Twenty-three years have told on "Jimmy" Larkin. He is an aged man, but as genial, kind-hearted and ready to oblige as in the days of old. He is sober, prudent, neat and clean, and loves to look back and talk of olden times. The only trouble with "Jimmy" is, that he is in debt about a house in Buffalo, and, to get out, he invests his money in mining stocks in California street, which shows that he is not going to pay his debts very soon, and that he is another victim of misplaced confidence. In a few years more, "Jimmy" will have ceased his troubled and eventful career, and will be resting quietly on the shores of the western coast of a land of which he is a fitting type.

At Los Angeles I met my friend Clark, and we at once left for San Bernardino, of which I had read and heard so much. The distance is 60 miles by rail, through one of the most picturesque countries in America. The plains and mountains were covered with that most beautiful of all grasses, the alfilerè, now about four inches high, and the air was as pure and pleasant as any one could desire.

San Bernardino lies in a valley of the same name, directly west of Los Angeles, which is, in many respects, one of the most remarkable in California. The town is situated at the northern end of the valley at the foot of the mountains, about four miles from the railroad station named Colton, in honor of

General D. D. Colton, formerly of Knox county, Ill., and now President of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

The original San Bernardino settlement was made by members of the Mormon battalion that came out to California in 1846. They settled old San Bernardino, about two miles from the present town, and planted some orange and olive orchards, but when Brigham Young ordered all Mormons to Utah, the members about San Bernardino, except those opposed to polygamy, returned to Salt Lake City, leaving only a handful behind. The remnant thus left, and their children, still linger about the old settlement, and, I believe, keep up the form of a Mormon church, and that is all, as they exercise no appreciable influence in the community.

My readers will, no doubt, ask for the reason of the settlement of the Mormons in this valley, 80 miles away from the coast, and walled in on all sides by mountains. Here they found water, and that in great abundance. Good water in Southern California is as attractive as the gold mines of Nevada, only in lesser degree. No man who has not visited this State can estimate the value of pure running water—water that runs the year round. At Old and New San Bernardino water is abundant. It flows in a perennial stream from the mountains, whose hoary peaks are covered with ice and snow, and murmurs in rills and rivulets from a hundred flowing wells in the vicinity. The soil in and around the town is mostly sand, overlaid by the detritus of the mountains, which has for ages been deposited, from year to year, by the rains that have washed their rugged sides. We reached the town after dark. The drive from Colton was in an old-fashioned stage coach, drawn by six horses, over a heavy, sandy road, with cactus and sage brush on either side as high, almost, as the backs of the horses. Just before reaching town we crossed a rippling stream a foot or more deep, and perhaps twenty feet wide. It is one of the affluents of the Santa Anna river, and runs perpetually. We were advised at Los Angeles to go to the Starke House, as it is the best hotel in the town. In front of this house are a few of the most magnificent pepper trees I have ever seen in California. They are fifteen or eighteen inches in diameter,

and their forms are more perfect, if possible, than those of the beautiful sugar maples that stand in the lot of land east of the residence of my friend Captain Reese, on the west side of Springfield; while their intensely green and delicate foliage is always a delight to the eye of a lover of natural beauty. The hotel is kept by a German whose name is borne by the house. The sitting-room looked like some weird place of by-gone ages. In one corner was the office, where, in a register that might have been the first one used, we inscribed our names. In another corner was a bar which was doing a very lively business; in another was gathered a group of men busy over the card table; in the remaining corner was a stove of a primitive Tyrone pattern, around which was gathered a lot of as hard-looking specimens as one would wish to see. The landlord was roaring drunk and as good-natured as a bear cub; indeed, all seemed rough, generous and good-natured. Lighted by stearine candles, about two inches long, set in block tin candle-sticks, we were shown our rooms. Our apartments were large enough for a single bed, a chair and a washstand. That was all. Col. Clark scented from afar the coming army of bed-bugs, but afterwards compromised on a few hundred fleas. Fleas are universal in this State. They are common as flies in Illinois in summer time. There are not many bed-bugs. Our supper was ordered by a man who must have been a drill-sergeant under Kaiser William during the Franco-Prussian war. I have traveled much, and have been at many hotels, but such tones in ordering a meal I have never heard elsewhere. I was astounded and Col. Clark was convulsed. I, certainly, on that quiet night, could have heard that order half a mile. I asked afterwards if the cook was deaf, and was informed that his hearing was quite good, but that the steward had about as much control over his voice as a cannon has over its report when the match is applied. That supper I shall not forget. Mutton in California is of universal use. It is either roast mutton, broiled mutton, fried mutton, boiled mutton, mutton stew or stewed mutton, mutton pie, or mutton hash, continually. In this instance it was mutton chops. I tried a chop with my knife; perhaps the knife was dull? No, it was rather

sharp than otherwise. I tried it again; the chop would not be dissected. I called the man of thunder tones, and asked him if he knew the history of the sheep from which that chop was taken? He said he did not. I told him I thought it came with the Spanish friars from Mexico. He took the matter good-naturedly, and said the chops were bad and very tough, and if we would wait a little he would get us a good beef-steak, and he redeemed his promise. But the coffee, bread and butter were execrable.

After supper I came in contact with a gentleman named Berry, originally from the State of Maine. He is now interested in some mines—has been in California many years. He was attentive, polite and intelligent. Learning that I would go to Riverside in the morning, and would have only a little while to look over San Bernardino, he proposed to show us about the town by moonlight. It contains about 2,500 people; is most romantically situated, and walking about it in the glorious moonlight, one could imagine himself in the city of Damascens. On each side of many of the streets, and on one side of all, was reflected the glittering sheen of the rippling water. Flitting through the streets, or sitting along the sidewalks against the houses, could be seen the dusky faces and squalid forms of Indian men and women, while the saloons were swarming with yellow, piratical looking Mexicans and the rough miners from the mines about Panamint and elsewhere. There are many good people in and around San Bernardino, but, judging from those in the streets and about the saloons, and the appearance of the houses, the stores, the churches, the school building, and the general air of the place, one is impressed with the feeling that the town is dominated by influences not likely to secure a very rapid growth, or make it very desirable as a place of residence. And yet San Bernardino is unquestionably one of the most desirable places in this State for those suffering from diseases of the throat and lungs. It is protected on the east, north and west by high mountains from cold winds, and never has any fogs. The climate in winter is almost perfect. In summer the weather is warm, but the nights are cool. The water is excellent, and

fruits and vegetables are abundant. The place ought to become one of the best of the many places in the State for invalids to spend the winter. After the completion of the railroad from Caliente to Los Angeles, San Bernardino can be easily reached from San Francisco by rail in 16 or 18 hours. I shall not be surprised if, after this winter, the San Bernardino Valley should become the place of favorite resort for such people in California.

From the porch of the hotel, during our stay, we had a most magnificent view of Mount San Bernardino, 40 miles distant, and the San Jacinto Mountains, a little farther off, and lying to the southeast. These mountain ranges are separated by San Gorgonio Pass, through which the Southern Pacific railroad finds its way to the Mohave Desert, from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma.

From San Bernardino there is a line of stages, run by Wells, Fargo & Co., across the Mohave and Colorado Deserts into Arizona, some 600 miles. The stages are two-horse concerns, called "buckboards"—that is, they are made of four wheels, and two-inch coupling boards, about 9 feet long, on which are fastened, inside the wheels, three spring seats, wholly uncovered. The freight, baggage and mails are packed away under the seats and at the ends of the boards. In some places through the deserts the horses are driven 40 miles without change, and almost without food or water. I saw women and children who came through from Arizona, traveling day and night on these topless buckboard vehicles.

But the day for such staging, even here, will soon be over. In another year the Southern Pacific railroad will have penetrated the deserts and reached the mining fields of Arizona and New Mexico, and staging such long distances will become a thing of the past.

As I have no room left, I must reserve what I wish to write about Riverside and my visit there for another letter.

Since my last letter was finished, another year has been numbered with the unreturning Past. Its joys and sorrows, its successes and failures, its lights and shadows, are all garnered up in the store-house of Eternity. Each of my readers, and the writer of these Pacific Coast Letters, stand another

year nearer the portals of the Unknown. But, through the infinite goodness, mercy and wisdom of God, while our steps may be sobered and our gray hairs increased, we are permitted to look outward and onward to the end, stimulated by hope and unawed by fear; standing in the right as it is given us to see it, and rejoicing in the evening glories of the nineteenth century. Renewing my faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, from the shores of the Pacific I send to my readers, and the tens of thousands of good friends and loved ones of and about whom my thoughts are busy to-day, my ardent, earnest wishes for a HAPPY NEW YEAR to them and theirs.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Jan. 1, 1876.

LETTER No. XIII.

*San Bernardino and the remarkable Valley of that Name—
Santa Anna River—The Old Mission—The Primitive
Population—The Riverside Colony—A Pacific Coast
Paradise—Profits of Orange Cultivation—The Hot Sul-
phur Springs, etc.*



EARLY on the morning of the 12th of December, 1875, after a hasty survey of San Bernardino by daylight—a survey that confirmed my opinions formed in rambling over it the previous night by moonlight—we drove eleven miles down the valley, crossing the Santa Ana river on the way, to the Riverside Colony.

THE SANTA ANA RIVER

Rises in the San Bernardino Range, and is fed by several streams which flow into it near the base of the mountains. It can scarcely be said to have any banks, except here and there, where it runs near some of the foot hills. Generally it is approached on land as level as that surrounding sheets of water in the prairies of Illinois after a heavy spring rain, with this difference: the Illinois water would be found on the top of a grass sod, while the Santa Ana has a bottom of hard, white sand. The stream of water in this beautiful little river, where we crossed it, was about two hundred and fifty feet wide and eighteen inches deep in the deepest place. It was a clear, bold, running stream, and the sandy bottom was so hard that the horses' feet scarcely made an impression on it. The approach to the river

on the north side is through an Alameda, or road, forty feet wide—perhaps less—set on each side with rows of willows that form an almost complete arch overhead. These trees were planted by the Indians in the forgotten days of the Spanish missionaries, but there are no records known which fix the date. Near by used to stand the

OLD SAN BERNARDINO MISSION,

But all that remains of it now are heaps of ruins, and a few squalid looking Mexican and Indian huts. The Mexicans and Indians mingle together peacefully, and seem to be nearly on a level—only one rarely sees an Indian woman on horse-back, while the Mexican women, especially the younger ones, seem to take great delight in riding anything in the shape of a horse, and at a most furions pace. They have no side-saddles, so far as I have seen. They mount a Mexican saddle, with their feet on the *right hand side of the horse.* American women always ride with their feet to the left. Thus seated, the Mexican woman will ride at a rate of speed and with an abandon that are sometimes almost alarming. These California Mexicans are much mixed with Indian blood; the women, young and old, are all ill-favored, and the men, as a rule, are greasy, black-haired, moustachoed fellows that one would not want to meet in the dark—fellows who would make you feel that it would be proper for a Christian to be well armed with carnal weapons while they are about. They do not work any, and were it not for the fact, so well known, that they will eat almost anything and live on that which would be a starvation allowance for one of the most lazy specimens of our Springfield colored men, it would be a most puzzling conundrum to tell how the rascals live at all.

RIVERSIDE COLONY.

Riverside, comprehensively, is made up of three colonies—the Santa Ana, New England and Riverside. The three own about 25,000 acres of land lying south of the Southern Pacific railroad, and covering pretty much all the best lands in the southern half of the San Bernardino Valley. These lands are

simply a small prairie. Without irrigation they will produce nothing but short grass, and now and then a wheat crop. The grass dies early in June. With irrigation, their productive capabilities are perfectly wonderful.

The colonies named all join in one general system of irrigation. They have built two canals from a point on the river, about eight miles from the village of Riverside, to the lower end of the lands owned by them. A third one is being constructed. These main canals, or ditches, run lengthwise through these colonies, at such distances apart and are located in such a manner as to readily furnish water to the whole 25,000 acres. They are of such capacity and have such fall as to furnish, at all times—and for all time, for that matter—a never-failing supply of water for all who may purchase lands in these communities.

The lands are divided into 20-acre lots, and can be purchased for about \$35 per acre, including, perpetually, a proportionate part of the water, which the proprietors place, at their own expense, on the land. A drive, or boulevard, 18 miles long and 132 feet wide, is laid out through the entire length of the lands of the colonies. This avenue is to be graded and lined on each side with fruit, shade and ornamental trees, and one row in the middle. When completed, it will be the handsomest drive and best ornamented road in the world. It is intended to have flowing water on each side of this avenue, which, with the trees, will be a part of the property of those owning the contiguous lands.

The village of Riverside is laid out in $2\frac{1}{2}$ -acre lots. It contains about 600 inhabitants. It has a school, a church, a post-office, a blacksmith shop, a dry-goods and a drug store; also a telegraph office. It is a neat, clean, Yankee-looking village, and in a few years will be a most desirable place in which to live.

It is only three years since the first tree was planted here, and yet there are tastefully ornamented grounds, full of fruits and flowers. I measured a eucalyptus tree (the Australian gum), three years old from the seed. It was 31 inches in circumference—equal to 10 inches in diameter. Within 20 feet

stood a pepper tree, of the same age, which measured 21 inches in circumference, or 7 inches in diameter. The roses were in all their glory; and the petunias, fuchsias, pinks, and scores of other flowers, were gorgeous to behold. Sicilian lemons were ripe, and there were young orange trees planted out by the thousands. It is thought by good judges that in these colonies will be produced the best oranges in the State. In Los Angeles county, the oranges are covered slightly on one side with a dark-colored rust. It does not hurt the fruit, but it has to be removed by rubbing, while in the San Bernardino Valley the fruit of the orange tree is perfectly free from rust.

Unless the summer winds, which sometimes are strong in the valley, should damage orchards, it seems to me that Riverside and vicinity present great attractions to men of moderate means; and, as I have not heretofore said anything about the profitableness of

ORANGE GROWING.

In California, I will give my readers the general conclusions on the subject of the most intelligent gentlemen I have met, and, in doing this, I will confine myself to calculations based on one of these 20-acre lots in Riverside. The land, with water, will cost—say \$35 per acre—\$700. The terms are, one-third cash, the balance in one and two years, with ten per cent. interest. The plowing of the land, with harrowing, is \$2.50 per acre—equal to \$50 for 20 acres. Orange trees are planted 50 to the acre, and sometimes 60. Good three-year-old trees can be had for \$1.50 per tree. The trees, at four years from planting, begin to bear, and will, perhaps, produce from 25 to 50 oranges, worth two cents each on the tree. Assuming that they will bear the fourth year 30, 500 trees will then yield to the owner \$300; and should they increase in bearing in proportion, the fifth year, \$800; the sixth year, \$1,500; the seventh year, \$2,000; the eighth year, \$2,500; the ninth year, \$3,000; the tenth year, \$3,500; the eleventh year, \$4,000; the twelfth year, \$5,000. These are low figures. A tree fifteen years old ordinarily bears from 1,000 to 2,000 oranges, which, at two cents each, would be from \$20 to \$40 per tree, or, for

an orchard of 500 trees, from \$10,000 to \$20,000. But oranges will not continue to sell at \$20 per 1,000. They will eventually sell for about one cent each, which would make an orange orchard of 500 trees yield the owner from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum. The care of such an orchard would employ a single man. The purchaser would pick the fruit himself.

The work of irrigation is light. Orange orchards are irrigated once in three weeks, from the first of June to the time when the fruit begins to ripen. In many orchards, peach and apple trees are set in between the rows of orange trees. These bear the second year from the planting of three-year-old trees, and so abundantly that the trees will break down unless the fruit is thinned out.

From what I have said, it will be seen that 20 acres of land at Riverside, planted out, one-half in orange trees, will cost as follows:

Land, with water (\$35 per acre).....	\$700
Plowing and harrowing.....	50
Five hundred three-year-old trees, at \$1.50.....	750
Planting.....	10
Horse, to plow the land.....	75
Harness.....	15
Plow.....	10
Small wagon.....	100
House, to start with.....	500
 Total.....	 \$2,210

I inquired the cash value of 20-acre lots, not so well improved as provided for in the estimate above, and learned that they were held at \$4,000—some asked \$5,000.

The two and one-half acre lots in the village of Riverside are sold for \$400 each, on the same terms as the 20-acre lots. Those improved and planted in fruit and flowers, with houses worth from \$500 to \$750, are valued at \$3,000—some of them more. These village lots are fenced, generally with plank, three boards high. They are all abundantly supplied with perpetually running water. It is said that all of them which have been cultivated with any degree of care, have yielded, in vegetables and fruit, besides what the families have used, from \$200 to \$350 per annum. I give these figures to my readers

as given to me by candid, intelligent gentlemen on the ground, and in no instance by any one who wanted to sell or go away. Everybody seemed contented, and regarded themselves as in a land that would do for a home.

This Riverside property is under the sole management of Capt. W. T. Sayward, who has controlled the project from the beginning. He is sanguine of great results, and I think he will not be disappointed. The Captain is an old Californian, having been on this coast and on the ocean for twenty-six years. He is a man of great experience, wide observation and much sagacity. He owns a controlling interest in Riverside, and lives there. Still, he has not forgotten his ancient home and place of nativity, the good old State of Maine.

The day I spent at Riverside, driving over the beautiful lands, in full view of Santa Ana river and the rippling canals, rivulets and rills seen in all directions, the sun blazed in all his glory; the cerulean hue of the firmament was more glorious than the poetic descriptions of the skies of Italy, and the mercury stood at 75 degrees in the shade at 2 o'clock P. M. There is no winter—no frost; flowers and fruits are perennial. It is a place to be coveted, and that without a violation of the decalogue.

Twelve miles from Riverside, and in full view, is the

TEMESCAL VALLEY.

Here, flowing from the mountains, are the *Aqua Caliente Medecinales*. They are hot sulphur springs. The curative properties of these waters are said to be surpassed by none in the world. They are represented as being an almost certain remedy for all diseases of the kidneys, including even Bright's disease itself. A lady from San Francisco settled here some years ago, with her two sons, the oldest 17 years of age. Alone in this then unsettled valley, she built herself a house, and in the wilderness found health and strength. She owns the springs, has an excellent house, furnishes all the comforts of an Eastern home for all who come, and invalids find baths of delightful water in which to lave their diseased and wasted frames, while all around them is the grandest scenery, with

groves, ravines, dark cañons, rippling waters, and an atmosphere the temperature of which can be found only in a few places elsewhere on earth. At Riverside I desired to linger for days; but no, the flight of time, the multiplication of duties elsewhere, the claims and anxieties which are the common inheritance of all, forbade; and, as the sun was going to rest behind the Coast Range mountains, and his glories were reflected by the distant San Jacinto Range, we bade adieu to one of the most delightful spots in the Golden State, and swiftly drove back to ancient San Bernardino. On our way back, near the ruins of the Old Mission, surrounded by the dying memories of the Sans and Santas of past centuries, we came on a mixed group of Indians and Mexicans, men and women, perhaps fifty or more, seated about promiscuously on the ground, listening, with blissful content, to some vagrant artiste who was whipping horrid music from an old violin. Here were the fruits of Latin civilization and Latin christianity planted in this land of blue skies, of sunshine and flowers, a century ago. But these clogs to human progress and to the advance of a purer and more rational system of human belief, are passing away. Soon, very soon, the restless, ever-aggressive Anglo-Saxon will dominate in all these strongholds of ignorance, superstition and folly—and then will the true greatness and incalculable capabilities of California begin to be realized.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Dec. 31, 1876.

LETTER NO. XIV.

Further Notes of a Tour in Southern California—A Los Angeles Orange and Grape Plantation—Baronial Home of Leonard J. Rose—Changes of a Generation—Gen. Geo. Stoneman—Anaheim Colony—Mid-Winter Roses—A San Fernando Canon Breakfast—A Hair-Raising Night Ride over Mountain Spurs and beside Yawning Chasms—Arrival in San Francisco.

N the morning of December 14th, we entered the stage and rumbled out of San Bernardino, taking the train at Colton. We reached Los Angeles at 10:30 o'clock. On Saturday I met at the depot, in Los Angeles,

LEONARD J. ROSE, ESQ.,

One of the most notable men in California, whose immense estate I propose to describe, so that the reader may form some estimate of the extent to which orange and vine culture will be carried in this State after a while. Mr. Rose is of German extraction. His father, more than thirty years ago, was a substantial honored merchant in Waterloo, Monroe county, Illinois. The writer and Mr. Rose were boys together in the same vicinity. In after years, he and Edward L. Baker, of the *State Journal*, now U. S. Consul at Buenos Ayres, were classmates in Shurtleff College. Rose, after reaching manhood, went to Iowa, married, and then removed to New Mexico, where he made and lost a large amount of money. He finally set his face towards California, and reached here in 1859,

nearly 17 years ago. He settled in Los Angeles county, where he has resided since.

I promised Mr. Rose, on my way to San Bernardino, that I would spend a night with him and enough of a day to see his estate. He lives two miles north of Old San Gabriel Mission, about twelve miles from Los Angeles.

I took the train at 2 o'clock. On arriving at San Gabriel Station, I was surprised to meet one of Mr. Rose's daughters, in command of a couple of clean, lively mules and a light spring wagon, ready to convey me to "Sunny Slope," the name given by Mr. R. to his place. The short drive lies north-east, across the Old Mission field, on which stand, here and there, clusters of live oaks. The day was beautiful, and the rippling stream of water that meanders across the field, coming out of the fields of "Sunny Slope," glittered in the sunshine like a thread of silver.

THE ESTATE OF MR. ROSE

Covers about 1,800 acres. The whole of it is watered by springs that come from the mountains bounding the land on the northeast. The water is gathered by a dam across a depression lying east of the farm proper, which was built by the Mission Indians perhaps 100 years ago. It is now as solid as when built, and will endure for ages. It is of sufficient height to raise the water above the surface of the highest point on the entire tract, thus enabling Mr. Rose to easily irrigate every part of it.

The farm consists of an orange orchard of about 150 acres; vineyards covering, say, 200 acres; and English walnuts perhaps 30 acres more. The number of orange trees is 7,000; vines, 140,000; English walnut trees, 1,500. On the southeast portion of the farm, and below the dam some distance in the depression, stand the wine presses, the wine house, the grape-brandy distillery and store-house. The residence of Mr. Rose is an Italian villa, ample in size and elegantly finished and furnished. It stands on the highest portion of the estate, surrounded wholly by trees of tropical growth. On the east and north of the residence, in all their luxuriant growth and beauty, stand the English walnut trees; on the west and south are the

orange orchards. Immediately around the house are enormous eucalyptus, pepper and olive trees. The irrigation is so arranged that every tree can be watered for a distance of 6 or 8 feet around its base, thus nourishing and stimulating the roots and also giving a constant and healthy growth to the tree.

I have never seen anywhere else so valuable an estate, or one which was more carefully cultivated and cared for in all respects. A portion of the orange orchard has been planted for 16 years and the remainder about 6 years, but all are bearing. Nothing could be more beautiful than these orchards. The orange tree naturally is remarkable for the perfect smoothness of its bark and the beauty of its form. It will grow 30 feet high, and its trunk will be 10 inches in diameter. Its foliage is smooth, thick, and as green as emerald. At this time of the year the fruit is ripe and ready for picking. Let my readers imagine, if they can, 150 acres of level land, without a weed or spire of grass, set over with 7,000 trees, in rows so straight and at distances so exact that they stand in rows in every direction—trees, the tops of which so closely resemble each other that the difference is scarcely appreciable—and then realize, if they can, the intense green of the leaves with the golden glow of the oranges as they hang by the hundreds and thousands, as far as the eye can reach, and they will form some conception of the semi-tropical grandeur of the home of Mr. Rose.

It is estimated that an orange tree, at 15 years of age, will bear 2,000 merchantable oranges. Assuming this to be true, as an average crop, in 6 or 7 years the orchard at "Sunny Slope" will bear 14,000,000 oranges, which, at two cents each, less than they are selling for now, will net Mr. Rose \$280,000 per annum. Then take his vineyards, 200 acres, yielding 8,000 pounds to the acre, which, at two cents per pound, will yield \$32,000. The 1,500 English walnut trees will yield \$10 worth of nuts to the tree—\$15,000 more. Total yield of the estate, \$327,000. Then there are on this estate 1,000 acres of inclosed pasture lands, well watered, and covered all the year around with rich and nutritious grasses, worth, in the raising of cattle and horses, many thousand dollars more.

But about the expense of taking care of such an estate? Let us see: Mr. Rose hires Chinamen alone. Of these, about 25 do all the work. They are paid \$1 per day, and board themselves. Assume that they work 300 days in the year, the cost is \$7,500, leaving a net profit of \$319,500 per annum. Surely this ought to satisfy the desires of any one. I give it as my judgment that Mr. Rose will net from \$150,000 to \$200,000 from his estate the rest of his life, and that, should he live 30 years yet, at the close of his life his estate will then be worth more money than it ever was before.

Of course, the estate being disposed of, Mr. Rose and myself talked of the past. Thirty-five years ago we were boys, meeting now and then. Thirty years ago he and Mr. Baker were classmates together. Since then our paths have been wide apart. Boyhood passed, manhood came, middle life is passed, and here, amid these orange groves, at the foot of these mountains, in sight of the Pacific Ocean, again we meet. The sun of life is descending, gray hairs have come, but the past is not forgotten nor early friendship chilled by the lapse of a third of a century. We talked of the old people whom we had known *at home*, in the long, long ago—dead and gone, all of them! Our playmates, the boys and girls of thirty and more years ago, they, too, are mostly gone to the Beyond. Some did well, others ill; some lived and were successful; others did not succeed—but most of them are now beyond the pangs of want and the cares of life. Here we sat together for a single night, while Baker—what of him? Nine thousand miles away, distant more than one-third the circumference of the globe! Deep in the night we parted. I retired, but not to sleep.

In the morning I took another view of that baronial domain. Under the rays of the morning sun the green of the orange leaves seemed deepened, and the hues of the golden fruit intensified. Under those grand trees, and at the base of those towering mountains, we parted—to meet again, perhaps never. I was driven to the station by a quiet, intelligent child of the Flowery Kingdom, and musing on the mutations of time and how little we know of the future and what is in store for us, I soon found myself again at Los Angeles.

The remainder of the day was spent with

GEN. GEORGE STONEMAN,

Who, like Mr. Rose, has his fortune invested in grapes and oranges. He has a place fit for the residence of an English nobleman, but I could not go with him to see it. We compromised the matter, and he concluded to stay. The memories of the past were recalled, and the battles of the rebellion were fought over again. We talked of Grant, of Thomas, of Sherman, of Logan, Oglesby, Palmer, and almost everybody else. At 3 o'clock we parted, and that evening, with Mr. Clark, I went to Anaheim, distant by rail 28 miles south-west from Los Angeles, and ten miles from the ocean.

ANAHEIM

Is the site of a German Colony that purchased, a few years ago, some 10,000 acres of land, sub-divided it into 20-acre lots, and improved each one. The town was laid off in the center. The lands have become very valuable, and the town has grown into a place of some 1,500 inhabitants, with a fair hotel, a number of stores of all sorts, and ten or fifteen breweries and distilleries—the latter engaged exclusively in the distillation of grape brandy. The whole country hereabouts is engaged in growing grapes. The lands are irrigated with water taken from the Santa Ana river, the same stream that furnishes water for Riverside, about 60 or 70 miles above, and to the north-east. At Anaheim I saw some of the most gorgeous gardens I ever beheld. I plucked dozens of roses of a half dozen varieties, of enormous size, and buds of a waxey golden hue, as large as hens' eggs. Here we spent the night, and next day drove to Santa Ana, a village ten miles further south, on the line of railroad being built to San Diego. This portion of the Los Angeles Valley is simply a rich, sandy prairie, and perfectly level to the water of the ocean. I saw a field of castor beans that has been standing and bearing for some years. The plants are never injured by frost, but grow into quite a little tree, and bear from year to year without any trouble, except that the young ones have to be hoed or

plowed out between the rows. At night we returned, and put in another night fighting the fleas, which are as common in California as mosquitoes are in the Sangamon river bottom. On the 16th we returned to Los Angeles, and at 3 o'clock A. M. on the 17th, we took the cars for San Fernando, where, at 5 o'clock, we again entered the stage for Caliente. The air was cold and damp. This time we had but few passengers. At daylight we stopped in San Fernando cañon for breakfast, and of all the meals in California, for meanness, that was the champion. The mutton—they don't eat much else—was so tough that it was beyond the powers of human grinders to masticate it. I gave it up. A woman, who had come through to San Bernardino from Arizona on a buck-board stage, with a boy about fifteen years old, said, "Well, this mutton was certainly taken from the original sheep, and a dog couldn't eat it." Clark said, "Yes, and it was cut behind the horns." The ancient female who kept that place of entertainment for man and beast, got mad, and, to punish us for our ill-manners, she presently hustled in, and, with an emphasis that had a good sized oath in it, set down before the astonished gaze of each of us, two boiled eggs. We were not insulted, but grateful; ate the eggs and paid our "four bits," and were off. The day was warm, and we made our drive across the desert without winds, an unusual thing. The 18 miles from Tehachipi village, down the mountains, were driven in the night-time, and at a rate of speed around sharp mountain spurs and over yawning chasms, that was enough, now and then, to make one's hair stand on end. But we reached Caliente on time, twenty-two hours after we had entered the stage. A night's sleep, and, on the morning of the 18th, San Francisco was reached.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Jan. 18, 1876.

LETTER No. XV

*The Labor Question in California—Wages of Laborers—
The Incubus of Non-resident Land-owners—Some of
the Great Landed Estates—The Water Monopolies—The
Great Want of the State.*



AM asked to write something about the great questions that interest the sons and daughters of toil—those who have not and do not expect to escape the primal curse pronounced in the bowers of Eden: “In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,” even here in this land of gold and silver. With this request I all the more cheerfully comply as, after all, it is to those who shall come to California to labor in the fields, the vineyards, the orchards or in the workshops, that the State has to look for permanent growth and prosperity. Goldsmith never expressed a nobler sentiment than when he wrote:

“ Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, the country’s pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.”

The gold and silver of this coast do not furnish the class of people that this State needs, nor will they ever do so. There is room in California for 3,000,000 of laboring people—people who are willing to do honest work as mechanics, farmers, fruit-growers, dairymen, millers and common day-laborers—people who will stay away from the mines, and close their ears to the

stories of how people get rich in a few days or weeks, and who will religiously abstain from dealing in mining stocks in California street.

In the climate of this State, I am satisfied that laboring men will be healthier, and can do more work with less fatigue, than in the Valley of the Mississippi or in the Eastern States. It is never cold here in the valleys. No laborer will ever suffer from the wintry blasts that are so fearful with us. Winter, here, is the time for work. It is then that most of the farm labor is done. Wheat is sowed from November to the middle of February. Cutting and thrashing are done in May and the early part of June, and, as I have said in a former letter, people do not work much on the farms in July, August, September and October. These are the dry months, and they are spent in trading, getting the wheat to market, attending fairs, looking after the fruit and taking care of the grapes. In some of the valleys in the southern portion of the State, during the dry months, the weather during the day becomes very warm, but no warmer than our hot days in July and August. The nights are always cool.

WAGES

Are paid here in gold and silver, and are much higher than in the East. I give below the prices paid last year for laborers in nearly all the avocations of life. I think they are the same now:

Bakers, per month, with board	\$40 @ 60
Blacksmiths, per day	3 4
Box-makers, per day	2½ 3
Bricklayers, per day	4 5
Butchers, per month, with board	40 75
Broom-makers, per dozen	2½ 3
Butter-makers, per month and found	40 50
Brick-makers, per month, with board	40 50
Carpenters, per day	3½ 4
Cabinet-makers, per day	3 4
Carriage-makers, per day	3 4
Coopers, per day	3 4
Cheese-makers, per day	2 3
Cooks, per month, with board	35 100
Cooks, per month, in private families	30 35

Chambermaids, in private families, per month.....	\$15@20
Chambermaids, in hotels, per month.....	20 25
Dress-makers, in stores, per week.....	10 12
Dress-makers, in families, per day, and board.....	1½ 3
Dairymen, per month, with board.....	35 40
Engineers in mills, per day.....	3 5
Farm laborers, per month, with board, <i>in summer</i>	25 30
Farm laborers, per month, with board, <i>in winter</i>	40 50
Gardeners, per month, with board	40 60
Harness-makers, per day	2½ 4
Hostlers, per month, with board	30 40
Laundry-men and laundry-women, per month, with board	30 40
Lumber-men, per month, with board.....	40 60
Machinists, per day	3 5
Stone masons, per day	4 5
Millers, per day	3 5
Millwrights, per day.....	3 5
Milliners, per day	1½3½
Nurserymen, per day, with board.....	1½ 2
Painters, per day	3 4
Plasterers, per day.....	4 5
Plumbers, per day.....	4 5
Saddlers, per day.....	3 4
Servants, for general housework, per month	15 20
Shepherds, per month, and found.....	25 35
Soap-makers, per month, and found.....	35 45
Stone cutters, per day.....	4 5
Team and teamster, per day	3 4
Vineyard men, per month and board.....	30 40
Wagon-makers, per day.....	3 4
Wood choppers, per month, and found	40 50
Waiters, per month, with board.....	20 40

Young men who will labor, and not want to hang around the cities and towns, can get from \$25 to \$30 per month, and board, all the year round. It is this class that is needed in California. A young man can make and save, keeping himself comfortably and respectably clad, from \$250 to \$300 each year, in gold. Mechanics, of course, can double that sum. Young men accustomed to labor, in coming to California, should make up their minds to stay on farms, in the country. They can do nothing about the cities and towns.

THE CURSES OF CALIFORNIA

are the land-owners. Millions of acres of the best land in the State are owned by men who live in San Francisco and elsewhere. They are a dead weight on the whole State. The lands are held in such large tracts that there are neither houses nor homes for any one. California is a State dominated by men who have secured the old Mexican land grants, or shingled it over with land warrants and Agricultural College scrip. Much of the good valley lands in the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley are so held. In many other localities, these land-sharks are the barriers to improvement and an increase of population. Look on the map of California, and study the figures I give, and any intelligent person will see, at a glance, that the State is almost as much cursed by these non-resident land-owners as Ireland by landlord absenteeism. In San Diego county, John Forster owns 88,000 acres. He lives on one tract of it. Mignel Padraren, in the same county, owns 47,000 acres. In Los Angeles county, the Los Angeles Land Company owns 101,000; Irvine, Flint & Co., 77,000; Pioche & Bayerque, 69,000; E. Deplis, 56,000; Beale & Baker, 53,000; James Lick, 51,000. In San Bernardino county—The San Jacinto Tin Mining Company, 48,000; Alfred Robinson, trustee, 42,000. In Santa Barbara county—The Philadelphia Petroleum Land Company, 131,000; Dibblee & Hollister, 97,000; A. P. Moore, 63,000; Santa Cruz Island Company, 53,000; H. & W. Pierce, 53,000; J. W. Moore, 48,000; L. T. Barton, 47,000; E. Conway, 42,000; Hollister & Cooper, 41,000. In San Luis Obispo county—P. W. Murphy, 54,000, and F. Steele, 44,000. In the county of Monterey—The estate of Arques, 71,000; J. D. Carr, 47,000, and Miller & Lux, 41,000. In Alameda county—Charles McLaughlin, 60,000. In San Joaquin county—The Tide Land Reclamation Company, 77,000; Charles McLaughlin, 54,000. In Kern county—Mary E. Beale, 173,000; Chapman, Jansen & Roebing, 75,000; A. Weil, 48,000, and J. H. Redington, 45,000. In Fresno county—The San Joaquin Valley Land Association, 79,000; J. Friedlander, 62,000; E. Applegarth, 49,000; W. Pedree, 47,000; W. C. Ralston, 44,000, and E. St. John & Co., 42,000. In Merced county

Miller & Lux, 166,000; C. Paige, 60,000, and J. W. Mitchell, 42,000. In Mariposa county—The Mariposa Land and Mining Company, 44,000. In Sacramento county—Lloyd Tevis, 43,000. In Colusa county—California and Oregon Railroad Company, 61,000. In Mendocina county—Throckmorton & McKinstry, 83,000.

Of these estates, 44 contain more than 40,000 acres each. The number between 30,000 and 40,000 acres is 23; those between 20,000 and 30,000 are 55; those between 10,000 and 20,000 are 148, and those between 5,000 and 10,000 acres, 238. The entire number of these estates of more than 5,000 acres each is 453. A few only of these great landed estates are occupied by the owners or actual patentees. The others were Mexican grants, which were, at the time of their confirmation by the United States, permeated by fraud and perjury. Millions of acres of land in California have been simply stolen, and without any one caring, as it was generally believed, years ago, that only a small portion of the State would ever be fit for cultivation. This great and fatal mistake is now beginning to be realized, and the fearful consequences of allowing all the lands to be grabbed by land-sharks, more and more fully demonstrated. The lands, you are told, are for sale, but in such quantities and at such prices as to forbid any one not possessed of a respectable fortune from coming here. The division of these great estates, and their sale to poor, hard-working men, as was done by the Illinois Central and other land-grant roads in the Northwest, does not seem to have ever entered into the minds of the large land-holders in California. At Riverside, and on the lands of the Central California Land Company, in Fresno county, some attempts are made to furnish homes to poor working men. In a few other places something is being done, but on a scale so small and so complicated as to deter people from coming from distant States and running the risk of failure. The dangers are too many and too great. If the land-holders in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys would sub-divide their lands into tracts down to 40 acres, put them in the market, and let purchasers take them at fair rates, and on such terms as would enable the settlers to realize out of the

soil, by honest work, the value of the land, a million of people could be put in those great valleys within ten years; and, as I have already said in a former letter, no one could foresee or approximately predict the teeming wealth that would be found at the end of that period in these most favored portions of the Pacific Coast.

ANOTHER DRAWBACK

Is the scarcity of water. A wheat crop is generally more certain in all parts of California than in the Eastern States, and is always a remunerative crop, grown and harvested with half the labor bestowed on that cereal in the Valley of the Mississippi. But people want to raise something else besides wheat. With water they can raise everything. Water can be had, and in great abundance, but, in procuring it, one of the crowning outrages of this State has to be confronted, and that is

THE WATER MONOPOLIES.

Go where you will, under the mining laws relating to the uses of water, you will find that in some way or other nearly every running stream is thatched over with the claims of water companies. They will be found along the foot-hills armed with corporate power to change the channels of rivers and send their waters wherever they may please. Does a man purchase land on one of the tributaries of the Sacramento, San Joaquin or Stanislaus rivers with the expectation that the water will continue to run, he is entirely mistaken. Five miles above him a water company, fortified by law, may dig a canal and send the water along the hills for ten, twenty, fifty miles and into another river, thus cutting him off entirely and without remedy. If he complains, this water pirate will, most condescendingly, inform him that it will sell him water at the rate of \$2.50 or \$5 per acre per annum. So great has this Water Ring villainy become that it is now one of the gravest of all the public questions pending before the Legislature of this State, now in session at Sacramento. It is one of the good signs auguring well for California, that at last there are indications that the agricultural interests of the State are to be regarded as paramount to mining, and that honest labor and

the men who, the world over, are the strength and mainstay of nations, are to receive some considerate attention here on this gold-and-silver-bewildered slope.

If land owners will sell their lands in small lots, letting purchasers select for themselves, and on such terms as will be favorable, and the Legislature will strangle the water robbers, small farmers by the thousands will prefer the mild climate of California to the rigorous winters of the Northwest, and, in a few years, will make the valleys of California blossom as the rose. But Californians and their legislators must not forget that the men of whom the farmers of Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota are types, will not come to this western coast and be the dependents of any set of men, political ring or scheming tricksters. If they ever come, it must be with the full and distinct understanding that, while they are willing to toil, and to dig more millions out of the soil, each year, than can be produced by all the mines on the Comstock Lode, they must have their social organizations, their churches, their schools, and control them; that they will read the newspapers, think, act and vote as they please, and will endure no ring rule or corporate oppression, and that they will form the unpurchaseable, incorruptible, controlling power of the States. Let the proper inducements be held out, and such people will come by the tens of thousands. They are the class the State wants. Without them, the growth of California will continue to be very slow. Build up here an intelligent agricultural population, and it will not only vastly add to the wealth of the State, but checkmate and hold in control the mad speculations in mining stocks that now absorb all the money of the coast, and spread a baneful demoralization from Oregon to Mexico. It is high time for the farmer—the man who does honest work—to be heard from in California. When his voice is heard at the polls and in the halls of legislation, it will no longer be said that a seat in the United States Senate costs \$100,000, and that no man can be elected to any office, or secure a Federal appointment, unless he buys the Ring, or bleeds for the benefit of the office-broker. All hail the day when California, freed from the shackles of political rascality and official knavery,

shall present to the world a million sons and daughters of the plow, the anvil and the loom, standing shoulder to shoulder in the interests of labor, education, free thought, an honest ballot box, unbought legislation and purity in social and private life! Then, and then only, will this Golden State deservy, in the near future, for its people, the "Good Time Coming."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Jan. 20, 1876.

LETTER NO. XVI.

The Chinese Question—The Number, Characteristics and General Appearance of the Celestials on the Pacific Coast—Their Women—Co-Operative Stores—The Anti-Chinese Prejudice and its Cause—What California Owes to these Patient, Industrious Toilers—The Chinese Question in Politics.



THE Chinamen on this coast are daily on the increase. They number in California about 70,000, in a population of 700,000. Yesterday 600 came on a single ship. This is their New Year's day, and they are out in all their glory. In their quarter of this city they swarm by the thousands, dressed in their best clothes. Their houses are decked in all the colors known to the Celestial Empire, and Chinese mottoes, emblems, devices and lanterns give them a most singular appearance. The lanterns are huge affairs, of all colors, and displaying every device, I should think, ever conceived by the Chinamen. Some of them are immense—fully equal in size to a two-bushel basket. They are all globular in form, and, when lighted, are very grand. The material used in their manufacture is perfectly transparent, and looks like colored isinglass.

THE CHINESE DRESS.

The Chinamen all dress alike, as to the general make-up of their clothing, but in quality and texture there is a very great difference. Some wear the common Chinese blue or brown denim, cotton stockings and canoe-shaped shoes that are

exactly alike as to make, differing only in size and texture. Others wear the finest woolen cloth, and others, again, have their clothing made of gorgeously quilted silk. All depends on the ability of the Chinamen to buy clothing. I think all are inclined to dress well if they can afford it. There are not a great many women, and most of those here are shameless and vicious. They are a most repulsive lot of human beings. I have seen a few respectable Chinese women on the street. They are the wives of rich merchants, and dress most expensively, display magnificent jewelry and a head-gear and a style of getting up the hair perfectly bewildering. They stiffen their hair with some glutinous substance, and then comb it out in front until it is spread to the thickness of heavy paper; then, by carrying it to the top of the head, puff it out about the temples until it extends six inches from the head. The switch is made up on the back of the head, in the shape of a ship's rudder, while the top of the head will gleam with pearls, shells and flowers of the most exquisite shapes and colors. They never wear hat or bonnet, or any covering for their heads whatever. Their ear-rings are immense. Their dress is a very loose blouse, fitting close around the neck, with sleeves sometimes almost a yard wide. It extends a little below the knee. The trowsers are very wide, and extend to the ankle. Their shoes are of the same pattern as those worn by the men, except that they are very low at the heel, and the soles so sloped off at each end as to leave a *very high heel* in the middle of the sole, some of them almost as high as the heels on the shoes of the Grecian-benders of a few years ago at Saratoga and other watering places of the country. They carry parasols and fans. Their style of locomotion is most ungraceful, if not ridiculous. They are very low and stout, with square, broad shoulders. To talk about a handsome Chinawoman is an absurdity. They are most disgustingly homely. Their color is about that of a new-made saddle. The respectable Chinawomen nearly always have their children with them, and often a Chinese nurse-boy, richly clad, with his pig-tail hanging quite to the ground.

THE CITIZENSHIP PROBLEM.

Ask the average Democratic politician, and he will dwell on the evils of their presence, and depict the coming disasters from their influx more powerfully than did the Democracy of old, the evils to flow from the abolition of slavery and the presence of millions of "barbarous free niggers." Ask Pat and Bridget, and they will tell you the "haythens ought to be murdered—every mother's son av thin!" Ask the vile hoodlum population of this city—a population that is more vile and beastly than that which in olden times occupied the "Five Points" in New York—and you will be told that the scheming Democrat and Pat and Bridget are right. Now, let us look into this Chinese question a little, and see wherein lies the right.

Among the Chinamen there are many educated and wealthy merchants—men shrewd, honest and capable. They are here and will remain. Gradually they are bringing their families. Under the laws of the United States, their children, born here, are American citizens, and the males, when reaching their majority, will vote. There are some Chinamen here now over 21, and they vote. Chinamen born in China, under our naturalization laws, it has been assumed, can not become citizens. Take them to-morrow, were such a thing possible, and allow them all to become naturalized, not one of them would vote the Democratic ticket. Those born here do not. That may explain why Democrats are opposed to Chinamen coming here, in part. In the next place, Bridget and Pat and John Chinaman can not get along together on the labor question. The Chinamen are good cooks, laundrymen, housekeepers, gardeners, farmers and common laborers. They are here to labor. They do not expect to do anything else, and are never a public charge. Every Chinaman, on his arrival here, is at once numbered and entered as a member of some Chinese company. Care is taken that the members of the companies are all from the same seaport town or city in China, so that all may feel content. The officers of the company see that each member gets employment, and supports him until he does. If he gets sick he is cared for, and if he dies he is buried carefully, and in due

time his bones are sent back to the Flowery Kingdom to rest with his fathers. Each member of each company pays into the treasury of his company 50 cents or "four bittee" per month. *I am told that this tax is carefully and promptly collected.* Some of these companies are rich. Their funds are invested in mercantile pursuits, and they have numerous stores all through the Chinese quarter of the city. In passing about San Francisco, one often sees such signs as Chung Wa & Co.; Tsing Loo & Co. The painters of these signs are not informed, and in all cases, nearly, make mistakes. The proper style is: The Chnng Wa Company, The Tsing Loo Company, etc. These stores are a sort of Chinese Grange arrangement, and the members of the companies enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that they are all partners, and the profits are a sort of insurance fund against the dark days ahead.

Such a thrifty, industrious, alien race, ready to work, are objectionable to other foreign populations, of course, as all the others are permitted to become citizens and vote, and thereby are courted and well treated by all demagogues and knaves. Could the Chinaman vote, the ruffian hoodlums and lawless villains, who are now scarcely restrained from assaulting them in the streets in day time, and who think it brave to assail their quiet homes at night with cobblestones and brickbats, would be dealt with in the most summary manner. The Chinaman's only sin is, he will work. If he can not get a high price, he will take a low one, but work he will. And then, he is neat, clean, sober and patient, always submissive, peaceable and quiet. A Chinese cook will do as much work as two ordinary women, and will do it well. His kitchen will always be clean, free from smoke, and sweet. He will break no dishes, nor will he waste anything. One Chinaman will do all the cooking for a good-sized family, and will also do all the house work and wash and iron. He will, from the dish-water and garbage from the kitchen, make the family soap, do the marketing, and make no fuss. He will do all this for \$25 or \$30 per month; but he will want half of Saturday in which to walk about in his good clothes. Sunday he is always at home. As a waiter at the table, a Chinaman, in his white, snowy garments and black,

floowing pig-tail, is a prince. He makes no mistakes or blunders; spills no gravy or anything else on you; does not wait to be told what to do, but knows and does just right all the time. And then he is so silent in his movements, that you scarcely know he is present except for what he does. John works cheaply, and that is why Pat and Bridget hate him. In this city he is not permitted to carry the hod, make mortar, work on buildings, drive a team or labor in the employ of the county or city. Except amongst themselves, they will not play barber or boot-black.

I have been in California more than four months, and have not seen, among all these thousands of Chinamen, a single disorderly or drunken one up to this day. They occasionally have trouble amongst themselves, and among members of different companies, but never with white men. To-day, they cover the sidewalks in thousands. Their houses are open to all comers. I have been entirely through the Chinese quarter. All was order, peace and good-will. They always politely give way for you, and, when spoken to, always answer you most kindly. No one ever sees an idle, lazy Chinaman. In several counties in this State, the Chinese population outnumber the voting portion of the Americans. This is especially true of the mining counties, where the Chinamen have gathered to work over the dirt of the old Placer Mines.

CHEAP LABOR.

That is what California wants, and that is what is developing the agricultural resources of the State. Take the 70,000 Chinamen out of California, its industries would be ruined, and the lands, now so productive, would be cultivated without remunerative results. They supply, by their toil, nearly all the vegetables and much of the poultry. They are doing a large share of the farm-work, and build all the railroads and irrigating canals and ditches. They do much of the cooking, and nearly all the washing and ironing. It is said they send the money they save back to China. Why? Because they are not safe, either in person or property, here. Were they protected as citizens are, they would soon own lands, town lots

and houses. As it is now, the low, the vile, the idle, brutal hoodlum, in San Francisco, and all other large towns in this State, may attack the Chinaman's house, smash his windows, and break up his furniture and beat him, and he is—only a Chinaman. The

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Is like that of many other States—pretty well filled with ignorant demagogues. They defer to the ignorant rabble, whose votes they court. The rabble vote—the Chinamen do not; therefore, protect the rabble, and down with the Chinaman! The Democratic party of this State is set against the Chinamen and their cheap labor. They always come in at all conventions with a resolution denouncing the Chinese as a dangerous class, whose coming ought to be arrested at once, and means be employed to remove those already here. You are told by the Democracy that they are heathens, and their coming will demoralize this State, and all other sections, whenever they get a footing. Now and then you will find Republicans talking in this same strain. I think some move, as usual for a number of years past, has been made in Congress this winter to arrest the immigration to this country of these Celestials. Now, in my mind, a Chinaman has the same right to come to this country, find a peaceful home, breathe the free air of liberty, and be protected in his person, his family and property, as any one else. We have boasted, for a century past, that this is a land of refuge for the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations; that under our flag the family of man might gather, assured of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." For a century we have accepted the grand announcement as true, that God has made of one flesh all the nations that dwell on the face of the whole earth, and that all have the same inalienable rights. Let us stand by these grand old truths, and bid the Chinaman, the Japanese and all others, welcome.

But men here are not honest in their utterances on the Chinese question. From what they say, you would infer that they would not hire a Chinaman for any purpose whatever; but when you go to their houses, and on their farms, you find John

doing all the work, and these very cheap demagogues living on the profits of his honest toil. If these men could, they would enslave these Chinamen to-morrow. I heard a rather prominent Democrat at Los Angeles declaiming against the Chinamen, and declaring that he was utterly opposed to letting them come here, except under contract, and at rates for their labor which would be merely nominal. I said to him, that it would be rather difficult to enforce such contracts, as the Chinamen would soon find out they could do better, and no damages could be recovered from them for non-fulfillment of the contract. He at once said: "Have a law passed to punish them by flogging, and compel them to live up to their bargains." I suggested that the civilization of the nineteenth century would hardly permit of such harsh and inhuman legislation; and he replied that, then, he was opposed to letting them come here on any other terms. There would not be a word said about cheap labor if these pig-eyed, pig-tailed, saffron-tinted people could be made to work for nothing.

As to their heathenism, that is their business. A heathen who keeps all his contracts with you, does his work faithfully and honestly, and well, and is always sober, polite and clean, is not so bad, after all. I think I could find much worse people with white skins and making loud professions of Christianity.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Jan. 25, 1876.

LETTER No. XVII.

The Rainy Season in California — Prospective Large Crops — The Tule Lands of the Sacramento Valley — Price of Articles of Domestic Use in San Francisco — Money Kings of California — Tendency to Indulge in Stock-Gambling — Political and Other Drawbacks — Liquor Consumption — State Legislature — Disgraceful Bullyism.

CRADUALLY the long rainy season begins to give signs of ceasing, and the sun occasionally shows its face again. It has, since the first of last November, rained more than forty days and forty nights. Indeed, at times, we have had strong symptoms of another Noachian deluge. The clerk of the weather tells us that it has already rained about 24 inches at San Francisco, and perhaps twice that amount in the extreme northern part of the State. The rivers in the Sacramento Valley have become little seas, and some millions of acres of land are either under water or most uncomfortably-moist. In the mountains there have been great falls of snow. But the farmers are rejoicing at their good prospects for crops of unusual yield this season, and the doctors are preparing for an unusually good business, as the flooded lowlands in the Sacramento-San Joaquin Valleys, when the hot, dry season comes on, fill the air with malarial poison, and bilious fevers and agues become, to all but those acclimated, almost an epidemic.

It is often remarked that great crops and much sickness always go together. These large bodies of tule lands, as

they are called, on account of the enormous crops of reeds (or tule) that grow upon them, are the richest in the State. They are perfectly free from timber, and when reclaimed, as they will be, must become the most valuable and productive in California. Gradually, under the laws of the State dividing these great bodies of land into reclamation ditch districts, companies are being formed for the purpose of building levees and digging ditches, and the promise is good for very large returns for money invested in these undertakings. There are of these lands on the waters of the Sacramento, it is said, within 150 miles of San Francisco, 1,000,000 acres, which, when reclaimed, will be worth, on an average, \$50 per acre, or \$50,000,000. They now can be purchased for a trifling sum. If the gambling of California street in mining stocks were broken up, and the money of the State used for legitimate purposes, all these lands would speedily be reclaimed, the navigation of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers improved, the evils of malarial diseases greatly mitigated, and the cost of living in this city reduced almost 50 per cent.

As this is to be a letter made up of

ODDS AND ENDS,

And as some of my readers may want to come to this coast, I will give the cost here, in gold, of some of the leading articles in domestic use: Butter is worth 40 to 50 cents per pound; cheese, 15 to 30 cents per pound; eggs, 40 to 75 cents per doz.; hams and bacon, 16 to 20 cents per pound; potatoes (poor), \$1.10 per bushel; onions, \$2; cabbage, 15 cents per head; turnips, 25 cents per dozen; apples, about \$3.50 per bushel; cranberries, \$8 per bushel; chickens, 75 cents to \$1 each—and poor ones at that; turkeys, about 25 cents per pound, and not very good; geese, \$1.50 to \$2 each, and scarce; beef, from 15 to 25 cents, and not to be compared to the beef sold in Springfield; pork, 15 cents, and mostly eaten by Chinamen, who are also extravagantly fond of chickens. They deem the cow a sacred animal, and do not eat beef. Clothing of all kinds is about as cheap as in Illinois.

Poverty and wealth exist in this State in very close proximity, and between the two there is no great amount of sympathy. The poor, possessing but little, are vastly in the majority, and are easily wrought upon and made to feel that they have not been well treated or fairly dealt with. They see the bankers on California and Montgomery streets piling up their vast fortunes, and each day separating themselves farther and farther from the common people. Flood and O'Brien were, only a little while ago, the keepers of a plain liquor saloon; now their wealth is fabulous, and constantly on the increase. They own the Consolidated Virginia Mines, and almost all else, apparently, in Nevada. J. R. Keene, another newly made rich man, but three or four years ago kept a small drug store. William Sharon was a lawyer, with a small practice, and the late Mr. Ralston sent him up to Virginia City to look after the interests of the Branch Bank of California in that city. E. J. Baldwin four years ago kept a livery stable, worth, perhaps, \$1,500, and spent his spare time getting divorces from his wives. These men are all money kings now. They organize the street and skin unsuspecting fools, who wish to ape them, out of what they have or can pick up. The hod-carrier invests his earnings in mining stocks; so do the cook, the hired woman, the hack-men, the chambermaids, the boarding house keepers, the idle women who are too lazy to keep their houses, and who let their boys turn hoodlums; so do clerks, tradespeople, and young men from the rural regions; so do almost everybody. Thus it will be seen, that these men of yesterday, by an accident or a series of accidents which will never be repeated, control the wealth of California, and employ it in simply gambling with all the chances in their favor. Then, as stated in a former letter, another class of men own nearly all the land; another all the timber of the State; another all the water; another all the railroads; another all the whisky making; and the last own the politicians and the office holders, while the laboring common people take their chances. It was this condition of things that enabled Governor Booth to produce a

POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE

On this coast, and turn the State upside down two or three years ago. The smouldering elements are here, and will repeat, if handled with skill, the same results at almost any election.

As matters now stand, the farmer, the mechanic and the laboring man have little to boast of in the way of social and political recognition. I do not well see how matters are to be changed very much until the land monopolists are compelled to sell out, and how that is to be done is a grave question. Death and misfortune may hasten the consummation so devoutly to be wished for by all true friends of California. The struggles between the railroads and the people are of easy solution, if political shysters and dishonest demagogues can be kept out of the way. The railroads must bend, at last, to the honest will and truest interests of the people. The shyster and demagogue will ride on a pass and abuse the roads; the roads and the people have interests so perfectly identical that they can not and will not quarrel, if left to themselves.

ANOTHER GREAT DRAWBACK

To California is the disinclination on the part of the common people to give up the dream of getting rich in a day, and settling down to honest, old-fashioned, steady work. There is by far too much of a disposition to farm in the San Joaquin Valley and live in San Francisco; or, in other words, there is too much of the old ways of the planters of the Gulf States in *ante bellum* times, when they squandered in dissipation and gaming, in the city of New Orleans, in the winter, the profits of their plantations during the summer.

San Francisco is the Mecca of California. Here all wish to come and live—live in lodging houses and board in restaurants; speculate in mining stocks, attend the theatres and spend their time in idleness or festivity. If the lands and water were not monopolized, and people would labor half as much on their farms as they do in Illinois, California would soon become the richest agricultural State in the Union. As it is now, farmers do not live as well and happily as the agriculturists of the

older States. It is not a leading interest, but is held as subordinate to mining, speculating in stocks and other schemes whereby men grow suddenly rich, or go to the dogs.

CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR.

It is a matter of amazement to one here to figure up the quantities of whisky, brandy, rum, gin, wine, ale, porter and beer used in this State. Fifteen millions of gallons are manufactured in the State, and fifteen millions more are said to be imported annually from different parts of the world, making thirty million gallons in all, or an allowance of about 42 gallons to each man, woman and child in the State. If the males who drink are in proportion to the women and children of one in four, they consume, each, one and one-third quarts per day; a rather large allowance for a sober people. I do not say that so much is consumed, as much of the wine, whisky and beer produced here may be exported to Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, Washington Territory and British Columbia. Still the population of those States and Territories are small, in comparison with California, and, after making all deductions, an exceptionally large quantity of liquors is left and consumed here; more, perhaps, than in any other portion of the United States. I think the climate is favorable to those who drink much, and that drinkers are less injured by their potations than elsewhere. The Chinese do not drink. Their vice is smoking opium, which they do huddling together in some den, after which they sleep and perhaps dream of home. Of course, in their somnolent state, they are perfectly harmless.

THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE

I have seen in session. It has for its use one of the very handsomest State Houses in the Union—a house in singular contrast with the decayed-looking city of Sacramento.

In the Senate there is good order and a fair average of ability. Such men as Edgerton, Graves and Farley would rank well anywhere. There are several others who, as lawyers, debaters and faithful members of committees, stand well. But, as with us, there is a large percentage of ingrained demagogism and stupidity found in the honorable Senate.

A Senator named Laine has distinguished himself high above all his colleagues, by leading in a crusade against the press of this State. He has actually secured the passage of a bill that will enable every thief, knave and hoodlum in California to bring libel suits against newspapers; and also to compel, under severe penalties, the name of the writer of every newspaper article to be appended thereto—thus placing the papers at the mercy of thieves and scoundrels, and depriving them of all that makes them independent and useful to the public.

There is a large number of politicians and others in California who dread an independent press, and will do anything to gag or break it down, so that they can succeed, unexposed, in their nefarious schemes of trickery and plunder.

The House of Representatives is very much inferior to the Senate. It is the weakest body of legislators I have ever seen. It has the same horror of newspaper criticism as the Senate, but in a far greater degree. The reporter of the *Chronicle*, of this city, was most brutally and murderously beaten while leaning over his desk hard at work in the Senate, the other day, by a member from Mariposa, named Wilcox. The blow was from back of the chair of the reporter, and over his unprotected head, with a manzinita stick, heavy enough to have killed him instantly had not the club broken. As it was, the head of the poor fellow was cut to the skull. In an instant his whole person was covered with blood. He sprang to his feet, blinded by the flow of blood, and attempted to draw a pistol, when the man who had so inhumanly assaulted him, got away some distance and drew an immense revolver. Now, the disgrace of all this display is, that the articles in the *Chronicle* were perfectly legitimate discussions of public questions and the action of public bodies, and that the reporter is a small man, and Wilcox a giant in size, weighing perhaps 230 pounds, and not an ounce of surplus flesh on him. He prides himself in being called “the Mariposa blacksmith.” The House has taken no action in the way of rebuking him, and an attempt to do so in the Senate was laid on the table. The Grand Jury of Sacramento county, however, has indicted

Wilcox for an attempt to commit murder, and he will go to the penitentiary if he gets justice. The press of the State, without regard to party, has denounced the brutal act in unmeasured terms, and has not spared Lane for his worse than Poland gag-law attempt to put the newspapers of the Coast under the feet of bullies, ruffians and scoundrels.

The reporter of the *Chronicle* remains in a most precarious condition, and may yet die from the effects of the attack. If he should, his assailant ought to be hung.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Feb. 4, 1876.

LETTER No. XVIII.

The Land Troubles of a Ring-Cursed State—A New Officer, with Dangerous Powers—He is to Inquire Into the Validity of Titles Covered by Mexican Grants—The Results Likely to Inure to Real Estate—The Baronial Estates, etc.

T last it has dawned on the obtuse perceptions of gentlemen in Washington, and also in this State, that vast areas of the best lands of California have been secured by knaves and thieves, through the Department of the Interior in the Federal Capitol. Although late in the day, it is well even now to ascertain how a man, who held, in 1846, or before that time, a claim for 400 acres of land, could sell it to some land-shark, who could swell it to 4,000 acres by the time it reached Washington; or, if for 4,000, to 40,000; or perhaps four times the latter figure. These manipulations have, it seems, been so frequent as to excite universal suspicion and a good degree of indignation. For the first time in many years, there seems to be a determined movement to uncover these frauds, and have the titles secured thereby set aside.

Mr. Secretary Chandler seems quite inclined to let all parties disposed to assail weak or fraudulent titles here, have a chance, and things may become lively. If these movements are in good faith, and in the interests of men who will till the soil and add to the agricultural wealth of the State, it is in the proper direction, and ought to be encouraged by all men, both in and out of office.

It is hinted, however, that the movement against land-grant titles under the old Mexican Governors here, is not in the least intended to break up the great estates of baronial fee-holders, and make lands cheap, and to subject them to pre-emption and settlement by poor men—laboring men, who are so much needed in California; but that it is backed by, and derives its vitality from, the Central Pacific Railroad Company, in its insatiable greed for wealth and power. If the great land-grant titles in the State should be declared fraudulent and void, then the railroad company could come in under the land-grant acts of Congress, and gorge itself with vast bodies of the best lands on the Pacific slope, some of which are now worth from \$100 to \$500 per acre. I do not know if the charge against the railroad company be true or false, but I can readily see the extent of its interest in pushing these investigations, and the little interest that honest labor has in the contest, if this mammoth corporation of this ring-cursed State is to be the recipient of the benefits of these investigations.

A lawyer named Howard, of this city, has been made Assistant Attorney General, with, it is said, all the powers of the law officer of the Presidential Cabinet, with his headquarters in the city of San Francisco, to examine into, and if, in his judgment, it is expedient, to commence proceedings against all whose titles to land he may regard as fraudulent, by Mexican grants approved by authorities of the United States.

It does not require much forecast to see what a dangerous power has been lodged in the hands of this new-made officer of this coast. How many of the great landed magnates of this State will hesitate, on some terms or other, to convince this gentleman of the genuineness of their titles? What potent influences will the railroad company exert to convince him that half the grants of the State are founded in fraud, and ought to be set aside? How long can the virtue of a single official, 3,500 miles away from the Capital of the Nation, endure the strain that will be brought to bear upon him? Who can tell the animus lodged behind him in the political rings of this State, and of which he must, of necessity, be a tool and dependent? I can readily foresee that such an office may

be used as an engine of oppression, extortion and fraud, to a degree unparalleled by anything hitherto seen, of the same sort, on this continent. Such an officer can unsettle the faith of the whole country in the land titles of California, and ruin thousands of men who are in debt, and can only save themselves from bankruptcy by selling parts of their estates. Such an agency can becloud the land ownership of the State to such an extent as to stop the sale of real estate in the great farming districts, and hold in endless anxiety every man who occupies a part of any of these old grants, and for which he has paid a high price. It will readily occur to the thinking mind that, in a State where the very peanut-stands and shoe-blacking business is run by rings and monopolies, these great schemes to assail the title of real estate owners may speedily be made, an engine of ruin so potent for evil that millions could be commanded in its purchase or silence.

I do not say that this is a scheme to plunder the unprotected farmer or small holder of land, as it is mildly stated that Mr. Howard will examine into and give his opinion on the titles of such for a very small fee. Now, should some one move, in the United States Senate, a resolution, declaring that all the titles made by the Illinois Central Railroad Company to hundreds of thousands of people on lands sold by it are presumably fraudulent, and have an Assistant United States Attorney-General appointed, whose residence should be in Chicago, to inquire into and report upon the titles made by that corporation, is it probable that such action would tend to strengthen the faith of the unadvised public in the certainty and indefeasibility of its conveyances?

These old Mexican grants cover between 8,000,000 and 10,000,000 acres of the best lands in California. That they were all, more or less, tainted with fraud when they were confirmed by the government at Washington, none doubt. But when it is remembered that nearly all of these grants were confirmed and patents to them issued under administrations of Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan, and that most of them are now 20 years old; that the lands have been subdivided and sold by the original grantees; that many, if not nearly all, of the original gran-

tees are dead, and what land remained unsold at the times of their deaths have descended by will or partition in chancery to their heirs, and from the heirs to thousands of purchasers, and the lands so purchased are now mortgaged all over the State for money borrowed, a slight conception may be formed of the dangers to be anticipated from such movements as have been inaugurated in Washington, to cover with suspicion the validity of the title papers of the people of this State.

In another respect, the evils I have hinted at may even be exceeded. There has gradually grown up, for some years past, a strong and constantly increasing sentiment on the part of the people here, that the great landholders of the State must sell out their estates. So firmly has this feeling imbedded itself in the public mind, that a number of these baronial gentlemen have already concluded to unload, and let toil and labor have a chance in the struggles of humanity in this gold-and-silver-cursed State. If, however, this scheme to fill the State with alarm and distrust, and unsettle all confidence in land titles, is allowed to continue, who will buy lands of these large holders? Who will invest his money in real estate for a home for himself and family, and for the development of the fruits of honest labor? It can be seen at a glance that such a crusade will as effectually blast the prosperity of many portions of this State, as if struck by the hand of the Almighty....

These movements are suggestive. How was it that such frauds as are implied in these movements could be consummated from 1847 to 1860? It is true, that land for agricultural purposes in California, except in a few favored spots, was regarded as substantially worthless. Thus the Lux and Millers, the Friedlanders, the Chapmans, the Fosters, the Pratts, and many others, were enabled to get, almost on their own terms, all the land they wanted. During all these years, and when vast tracts of land were passing into the hands of the land-grabbers, the State was represented in Congress by able men, few of whom have become rich, and none of them, I believe, are very largely the owners of land in the State. Latham, who was Governor and Senator, is said to be a rich man, but not in lands. He is a banker, and owns a handsome estate at

Menlo Park, 35 miles from this city, on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad. Gwin, once a famous Senator, is a poor man—never held much land. Fremont claimed the Mariposa estate, sold his interest for some money, but demonstrated the truth of the old maxim, "that a fool and his money are soon parted." Gen. E. D. Baker never owned land. McDongal owned, at one time, some property in San Francisco. Governors Bennett, Lowe, Stanford and Haight have never been land sharks. I do not know of any Congressman from California ever having been charged with land grabbing. In this respect Democrats and Republicans stand alike. I have not heard any public man here charged with having obtained improperly any portion of land, either by grant or purchase with land warrants or college scrip. So much for the public men of California who have figured as Senators, Governors or Congressmen.

There are gentlemen in the State who have held office and are not free from reproach. It is said, that the Surveyors General and land officers have not been as faithful to their trusts as officials so far away from the capital of the country ought have been; but nothing, I think, has been proven, except that the late Surveyor General was rather partial to some pets and favorites in letting contracts to survey the unsurveyed portions of the State, and that the virtue of some of the land officers has been overcome by large holders of land warrants and college scrip. I do not know of any man who has been in public life in Washington who is the owner of a large landed estate here.

It is not my intention, in this letter, to assail the motives or acts of any one. I only desire to indicate the dangers to be apprehended from such a loose and ill-contrived piece of legislative action as that indulged by the United States Senate in the affirmation of its belief in the worthlessness of land grant titles in California, and the creation of an Assistant Attorney-General, with his headquarters in this city, armed with power to becloud the title to one-third of the arable lands of the State, and precipitate litigation which will last as long and become as complicated as the case of Mrs. Myra Clarke Gaines against

the city of New Orleans, and in its disastrous consequences reduce almost to nothing that celebrated case. I have nothing at stake. I write in no man's interest. I only record my opinion, that if gentlemen in Congress desire to stop immigration to this State, they have taken the most effective steps possible in doing so.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Feb. 13, 1876.

LETTER No. XIX.

*History of the Religious Movement on the Pacific Coast—
The Early Mining Population and Its Reckless Character—Mixed Nationalities—The First Protestant Ministers and their Work—Summing Up of Results.*

ELIGIOUS affairs on the Pacific Coast, and the denominations which have firmly planted themselves on the plains, among the hills and in the mountains of the Golden State, is a subject of which the many readers of *The Journal* may desire to know something.

THE EARLY SOCIAL ASPECTS

Of California were *sui generis*. They presented phases of life found nowhere else on the American Continent. Primarily, people came here to make money. It was this that filled with passengers every vessel of every class that left for this State from the ports of the East by the way of Cape Horn, and that poured legions of people across the Isthmus of Panama from 1849 to 1860. It was the love of gold, and that only, which sent the more than thousands of trains over the plains, across the Rocky Mountains, through the alkaline waste of the Great American Desert, and over the giddy heights of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, to this new El Dorado.

No man has, as yet, attempted to summarize and give to the world the sufferings, by sea and land, of the vast numbers of men who reached the mines on the American river in 1847-51.

Nor has the least glimpse been given of the numberless graves in the ocean, across the Isthmus and on the plains, of those who died in their struggles to reach a land that, without the intervention of the philosopher's stone, was to give to all,

“GOLD ! GOLD !!

So easy to get and so hard to hold,” until want, with its skinny fingers, should haunt them no more. Not since the days of Peter the Hermit rallying Christendom to rescue the tomb of the Saviour of our fallen race, had there been seen such a gathering of the nations; and, perhaps, not again in a thousand years will the world again set its face to another California. On the American river, from 1847 to 1856, gathered men of all nations, climes and peoples. The representatives of England and the nations on the continent of Europe, with the olive-colored children of the Asiatic races, here met the men of all the States of the American Union, in one wild, crazy, selfish scramble for gold.

The pen of no man has yet, and perhaps never will, faithfully portray the miseries, the anguish and agonies of men as they suffered and struggled and died in huts, hovels, and on the damp, bare earth, by the thousands, in the old placer mines of this State. There are many men here yet who witnessed those scenes of almost unparalleled human suffering, and they speak of them even now with bated breath. Those who came by sea, and the Isthmus, on reaching San Francisco, found themselves two hundred miles away from the gold-fields, with the Valley of the Sacramento, one hundred miles across, lying between, and, during the spring, flooded with the waste waters of the swollen river, and, in summer, steaming with deadly malarial poison. These obstacles were utterly disregarded, and thousands of young men, tenderly reared and highly educated, threw away their baggage and started on foot to the field of untold riches, where they expected to realize that for which, amid the dangers of the heaving ocean, they had longed, and of which they had dreamed so fondly.

In the rallying of Christendom to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the possession of the Saracen, there was something that

stirred the highest, the best, the holiest attributes of humanity; but in the hegira of nations to the auriferous sands of California, there was naught but greed for gain, with unutterable selfishness impelling all. Men forgot home, happiness and heaven; forgot the training of childhood, manhood, and the fear of God. They madly threw all the past of life to the four winds, and literally changed the words of Holy Writ and the highest maxims of human morality, and declared in every act, that "the love of money was the best policy, and honesty the root of all evil."

Still, there were

BRIGHT AND HONORABLE EXCEPTIONS

To this abandonment of all the restraints of the soberer rules of life and the moral teachings of the past. In early days there came here men who rose above the glitter and glamour of gold; men who brought with them the unconquerable, undying belief that the "wealth of Ormus or of Ind" is not to be compared for a single moment to the glories that flame forever along the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, and the joys that await the toil-worn, faithful ones in the "city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God"—men who believed in the unrevealed glories and inexhaustible wealth to which holy men and women are heirs, beyond the sorrows, the sufferings, the evils, the disappointments and heart-breakings of this sin-stricken earth on which we pass an allotted pilgrimage. Will the reader permit me to say a few words in commemoration of these disciples of the Redeemer, who have passed to the "shining shore," and in honor of the few who yet remain and wait, ready to pass up and become heirs to an inheritance whose scenes of glory "surpass fable and are yet true, scenes of accomplished bliss."?

The first ministers of the gospel who came here to plant Protestantism on the ruins of the Catholic Missions of three-quarters of a century gone by, were four in number. They came together on the same ship. Three of them came out under the patronage of the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, I believe, and the fourth under the patronage

of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. The Presbyterians were, Rev. S. H. Wiley, who settled at Monterey, then the Capital of the State; Rev. S. Woodbridge, Jr., who was stationed at Benicia, and Rev. J. W. Douglas, who began his labors at San Jose, soon to enjoy, very briefly, the glory of being the Capital of the State. Rev. O. C. Wheeler, the Baptist minister, established himself in San Francisco, and founded here the first church. These men arrived here the last day of February, 1849, within a few days, now, of 26 years ago. Rev. T. D. Hunt, a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, had preceded the coming of the four clergymen named above, having reached the coast in October, 1848, but not to engage in the ministry here, I think. In April, 1849, Rev. Albert Williams arrived in San Francisco, and, on the 20th of May, organized the First Presbyterian Church in this city, and opened a Sunday school and a day school. In the same month, the Rev. W. Grove Deal, a physician and local Methodist preacher, began holding religious exercises in the city of Sacramento. In July, 1849, Rev. J. A. Benton reached California, *via* Cape Horn, and, in September, organized the First Congregational Church. In the same year, Rev. F. S. Mines, an Episcopal clergyman, came to this coast, and organized a church under the name of "Trinity." In the same year, Grace Church, in San Francisco, was organized by Rev. Dr. Ver-Mehr. Late in October, 1849, Rev. Isaac Owen and Rev. William Taylor gathered Methodist congregations in San Francisco. Thus, in 1849, the five leading denominations became, to some extent, organized in California.

From these humble beginnings, Protestantism dates its birth on the Pacific slope, and its growth has more than kept pace with the increase of population.

For 80 years, prior to 1848,

THE DISCIPLES OF ST. FRANCIS

Had undisputed and undisturbed possession of all California. They were guarded by the soldiery, not of the King of Kings, but of the occupant of the throne of the Spanish monarchy. They had their heart's desire. They exercised regal sway and

rolled in regal wealth. Of silver, of cattle, sheep and horses, they had unaccounted thousands. They built missions; dug irrigating ditches and dammed up the streams of water. They used the Indian converts to their religious faith in accomplishing all these; but to what end or purpose, aside from the mere gratification of human ambition? Nothing, absolutely nothing. In 1848, the missions were in decay, the Indians were dead and in their happy hunting grounds, or strayed from the patristic roof. The friars had been despoiled of their gains, and many of them had sought other fields of labor. The fruits of the intermarriages between the converted Indian women and the Spanish soldiery had given here, as in New Mexico, a class far more vicious than the Indians, and without a redeeming trait of the pure Spaniard. Ignorance, laziness, indolence and vice, were and are the characteristics of this moribund race, the fruits of an experiment which has failed in all the past, and will in all the future. The shadows of the middle ages seemed to have reappeared, and settled, like a pall of night, over this whole coast. There were, in 1848, no schools of learning, no newspapers, no books outside of the meagre libraries of Catholic missions, and no free, intelligent manhood.

The discovery of gold ended this mediæval stagnation—this contented mental and moral stupor. The gathering nations overwhelmed the Spaniards and natives, and jostled each other in their struggle for gold; but at the beginning, as if ordered in the councils of Omnipotence, came the brave, the faithful and earnest representatives of the Son of Mary, and in His name demanded a place and a hearing among men who had forgotten all for what never has and never can satisfy the yearnings of a single human being on the earth.

The old Placer Mines, once filled with multiplied thousands of men of all lands, are now deserted, except by the patient, plodding Mongolian. The eager hosts have passed away. Their names have faded from the memories of men; but not so with

THE FOUR CLERGYMEN

And those who came after them, whose names I have given. Most of them "rest from their labors, but their works do fol-

low them." Amid tears and sorrow, poverty, deprivation and want, they did their work. They had little of the gold of California or of the wealth of this world. They wanted little. I give below the results of these early Protestant efforts, and record them as monuments to the memory of men who, when the final results are summed up, will be found to have accomplished more for God and humanity, for time and eternity, than all the Floods and O'Briens, the Sharons and the Mills, the Keenes and the Baldwins, and all the other financial kings that have ever lived in California.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Preachers, 132; members, 7,500; number of churches, 97; value of church property, \$700,000; number of Sabbath schools, 124; number of officers and teachers, 1,500; total number of scholars, 11,000.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

Ministers, 58; local preachers, 70; number of members, 4,000; Sunday schools, 60; teachers, 370; scholars, 2,500; value of church property, estimated at \$300,000.

CONGREGATIONALISTS.

Ministers, 75; churches, 63; members, 4,000; church property, \$400,000; Sabbath schools, 70; scholars, 6,500.

BAPTISTS.

Total number of churches, 80; number of ministers, 70; membership, 4,000; church property, \$350,000; Sunday schools, 70; scholars, 5,000.

PRESBYTERIANS.

Ministers, 95; churches, 90; members, 5,500; Sunday school scholars, 7,500; church property, \$800,000.

EPISCOPALIANS.

One Bishop; ministers, 36; number of churches, 40; members, 3,000; Sunday school teachers, 400; scholars, 4,000; church property, \$350,000.

UNITED BRETHREN.

Churches, 20; members, 300; preachers, 10; Sunday schools, 6; scholars, 300; church property, estimated at \$40,000.

CHRISTIANS.

Churches, 50; ministers 55; members, 3,700; church property, \$50,000; Sunday schools, 50; scholars, 2,500.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIANS.

Churches, 40; ministers, 40; members, 1,600; Sunday schools, 25; scholars, 1,500; church property, \$100,000.

ROMAN CATHOLICS.

Churches, 90; chapels, 16; priests, regulars 51, seculars 70—total, 121; nominal Catholic population in the State, including Indians and Mexicans, 120,000.

The value of church property in San Francisco is \$3,250,000; and in the State, perhaps, \$4,000,000.

Such are the results in twenty-six years. In 1847 there was not a Protestant church in California—never had been one. There was not a public school—there never had been one. There were no newspapers—nothing but the old Latin civilization, more than fifteen centuries old, engrafted on the ignorance and barbarism of the native races of the Pacific Coast.

Walter Colton built the first public school house in California, in Monterey, 1848. He had brought here the ways of the Puritan Fathers, and resolved that, so far as he could accomplish it, the church and public school should go together; and they have done so. It will be seen that there are in the Protestant churches named: ministers, 842; churches, 560; members, 33,600; Sunday schools, 575; scholars, 43,150; total, 77,325. These represent a population of 500,000 souls, with an aggregate church property worth \$2,290,000. Intimately and inseparably connected with these churches, ministers, Sunday schools and scholars, are the free schools of California, which are justly the pride of every intelligent, patriotic citizen. The

school system of this State is almost exactly that of Illinois, only the teachers are better paid. Thus it will be seen that

ANGLO-SAXON CIVILIZATION

Is now firmly rooted and in complete control all over this State. No one denomination can lord it over another. All are equal before the laws, and all must depend for success on their zeal for good morals, peace, charity and love. There is no *toleration* here; there is absolute *religious freedom*.

Such is my tribute to the memories of a few men who laid the foundations, broad, deep and strong, of the religious, social and educational structure of the Pacific slope, amid struggles for the auriferous and argentiferous metals never before witnessed by man, and which will, perhaps, never be repeated.

“The memories of the just,
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.”

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Feb. 19, 1876.

LETTER No. XX.

California Jockeyism — Celebrating Washington's Birthday — The Thirty Thousand Dollar Horse Race — A Plundered Crowd — Holiday Soldiering and its Ludicrous Features — A Gathering of Another Sort — The Union Veteran Legion.



MUCH stir and excitement and cheap display have characterized the past week, the occasion being the celebration of the birthday of the Father of his Country by the denizens of this coast, and a display of their zeal and devotion to the business of cool jockeyism, in a grand scoop of the uninitiated outsiders, who wished to make an exhibition of their newly acquired gains in betting on the horse-race, which came off near this city, on the "Bay View Fair Grounds," on the 22d inst.

THIS \$30,000 RACE

Has been on the tapis ever since last fall. It was gotten up by the Pacific Jockey Club, and was intended to be the grandest affair known to the turf of California.

Horse-racing, out here, is in great favor, and a rich man can hardly be respectable unless he owns some fast horses and is a frequent patron of the race course; as a result, very few rich men belong to or attend regularly any of the churches. They lend their august presence, now and then, to flatter the ministers and please the women and children; but, as a rule of life, going to church on Sunday is with them hardly the thing.

Well, it was arranged that the long-talked of race shouold come off. Horses were entered, and the papers were filled with all sorts of sporting jargon about the sale of pools and who were in, and all that kind of cheap advertising, for a week before the exciting event came off. Finally came the day, and I am free to say that in no other city on this continent could such scenes have been witnessed as were developed here in this metropolis of the saintly Francis. Do the memories of the older readers of *The Journal* recur back to the excitements that would pervade a village or neighborhood for a few days before the celebration of the Fourth of July, the coming of a cirens, or an old-fashioned camp-meeting? If they do, they may be able to form some conception of the sleepless interest manifested here in this horse-race. The Jockey Club had manipulated the affair equal to the best efforts of Barnum, and planned the grand scoop of the gudgeons with the unerring precision of the gambler who plays with marked cards or loaded dice. The day caine, and the city, apparently, turned out its whole population.

THE BAY VIEW TROTTING COURSE

Is 3 miles from the centre of the city, and to that all seemed to set their faces. The hackmen and livery stable keepers, the common teamsters, the expressmen, the men with express and furniture wagons, the milkinan, and every other human being owning a four-wheeled vehicle, turned out—except the undertakers, I did not see them tendering to the crazy crowds the use of their hearses, although I think funerals were postponed until the next day. The prices charged were in strict accord with the wild, foolish and unparalleled desire of people to see and bet on the race. Edging my way up town, I innocently asked a portly and self-satisfied fellow-man, who seemed to be in command of a second-rate hack, how much he would charge to take me and my son out to the race and back. "Well, sir," he replied, "we are charging big money to-day; but I will take you out and back for \$40." I expressed my obligation to him for being so reasonable with me, and passed on. Next, I saw a fellow mounted on an old break-neck concern, that looked

very much to me as if it might have done service a half century ago. Attached to it were a pair of rozinantes, which, had they been dead, might have been used as a pair of hat racks. I, with some degree of hesitation, asked Jehu his price, and with an air that would have done honor to an ancient Castilian grandee, he replied, "\$30." On the street near by, and on my way up, was a second-rate livery stable. I concluded I would stop there and quiz the keeper, and learn his prices. "What do you charge for a top buggy and horse to the race?" "\$15." "What for a rig without a top?" "\$10." Finally he said he would give me one for \$8. I said I would look at it. It turned out to be about the hardest looking concern I had seen. I did not ask to be shown the horse. The improvised vehicles, as I was told, just took the crowd, hoodlums and all, stacked them in, drove them to the grounds and dumped them, at \$1, 75 and 50 cents a head, telling them to get back as best they could, on the same terms.

The admission fee to the grounds was \$2 for each man and woman, and an additional round sum for carriages and buggies. Then, for places from which the race could be witnessed, there was an additional charge. The members of the Bay View Fair Association fared no better than other people. They and their families were taxed at the gate, on persons and carriages, like any one else, and fared no better in getting positions to witness the race. The tolls levied on the anxious crowd, it is said, footed up \$48,000, gold.

The purse was \$30,000. But here, again, jockeyism came in. Two members of the club acted as judges of the race, and on the first heat declared three of the horses distanced, thus saving \$9,000 to themselves and reducing the purse to \$21,000. The owners of the animals ruled off the track were simply furious, and a thousand men were ready to swear that all the horses at the end of the heat were inside the distance pole, but all to no purpose, as \$9,000 must be saved. Then came the contest between the favorite of the pools, "Rutherford," owned by Baldwin, the stock-broker, and "Foster," a nine year old horse owned by Mr. Little—an animal that no one had bet on up to the time of closing the first heat, except the owner and

the insiders. The pools on the horse had been, on an average, as \$200 to \$1,500. In the second heat he won easily, and the sporting fraternity, outside the Pacific Jockey Club, were swamped and completely ruined.

It is said that pool-dealers lost more than \$100,000, and that Little, the owner of the old horse Foster, from Oregon, won, on pools that cost him a small sum, over \$40,000. The "squealing" has been terrific, and the curses against the jockey club have been far more energetic than elegant. It is prophesied that, hereafter, no Eastern owners of horses will be green enough to let their stock cross the mountains. I did not attend the race. I do not know any one who won or lost, but my opinion is, that the whole thing was a fair average with transactions in mining stocks in California street, and a job put up, in the main, by the men who manage, in stock operations, to clean out all the foolish men and women in California. Stocks had been flat for some time, and people were made to believe that the horse-race presented a better and surer basis for investments of small sums than the stocks. They now will get together their small earnings, and go back to the street to be relieved of their pittances, by the fellows who set up the schemes of fraud, as usual. The net proceeds of the race to the jockey club was about \$28,000. The private winnings of the members have not been reported, although it is hinted that they were largely interested in the immense amounts won. The whole performance, taken together, was a singular tribute to the memory of Washington. It was, however, *their* way of exhibiting their patriotism.

THE NEXT NOTABLE EVENT,

On our February national holiday, was the parade of the National Guards of California. There were some few pieces of artillery, several companies of infantry, and the balance was made up of line and staff officers. I have been somewhat familiar, for many years, with the disproportion between the rank and file, and the line and staff officers of the regular army; and I have, I think, read something about it in the proceedings in Congress; I have, also, once in a while, seen

small processions gotten up to enable a little army of marshals to display themselves, on horseback, in blue and red sashes, to the boys in the procession, and loafers and small boys on the sidewalks; but the San Francisco military beats all. I think the boys with guns in their hands felt that their especial duty on that day was to admire the line and staff officers, who evidently had resolved themselves into a Mutual Admiration Society, to the membership of which none are to be admitted but themselves. Cocked hats and epaulets, brass buttons and spurs, were in the ascendant, and the charging up and down, in front of the boys, was very military indeed. I noticed one old fellow, very thick-set, very stout and very wheezy, who evidently had spent most of his life in tournament exercises. He would set his eyes, apparently, on an imaginary ring, and, with an equally imaginary lance at rest, he would put spurs to his horse, and, without turning his eyes either to right or left, dash at break-neck speed until he had passed the imaginary ring; then he would rein in his charger, and, adjusting himself again, he would rush madly the other way. It was all very grand and very military, only I was unable to appreciate it. I looked about for some veteran of the war, but did not find one. Gov. Pacheco, just before he retired from office, nominated one such to be major general, but a Democratic Senate did not want him, and he was rejected. The present general, I think, is of the 4th of July sort, and so, perhaps, of most of the other officers.

In the evening of the 22d, I met the

UNION VETERAN LEGION.

The following invitation will explain:

HEADQUARTERS UNION VETERAN LEGION, }
SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 20, 1876. }

Hon. D. L. Phillips:

DEAR SIR—The Legion will bivouac in Charter Oak Hall, 771 Market street, on Tuesday evening, February 22, at 8 o'clock. You are respectfully invited to be present.

Respectfully, Yours,

J. J. LYON,
Colonel Commanding.

This Legion is composed of veterans who served in the Armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Virginia. Its mem-

bers represent all the loyal States, and there were generals, colonels, majors, and down to the "boys in blue," who, for years, carried the musket and the knapsack. There were those who, from Illinois and the States of the Northwest, marched down the Mississippi, across to Chattanooga and with Sherman to the sea. Others had fought with Thomas until he made his name immortal at Nashville. Others, again, had fought before Washington, under everybody, almost, and were with Grant in the Wilderness, until he received the sword of Lee.

The hall was lined with the Stars and Stripes and the old insignia of the Union Army. The tables were the style of the camp. The dishes were tin, with tin cups. The repast was "hard-tack," beans and coffee. There were toasts, speeches, songs and stories of camp life. After a time, "hard-tack," beans, tin platters and cups disappeared; then came table-cloths, a generous repast, wit and wine. Intermingled was "the intelligent contraband," the "reconstructed rebel soldier," and finally, in all his gorgeous self-conceit, the unrepentant, unreconstructed, amnestyed rebel-Democratic member of Congress from Georgia. In a long letter, he announced what he and his fellows propose to do in the National Legislature.

In this Veteran Legion, there is no sham. Among its members I discovered none of the Fourth of July "fuss and feathers" fellows of the morning parade.

The writer had the pleasure of responding to the toast, "The Loyal Press," after which the Veterans sang "Rally Round the Flag," as they used to do in their glorious marches over the rebel States. The rendition of "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, and his soul goes marching on," shook the building. "The Legion" will make its mark in California. There are no office-holders in it. They are the grand, battle-scarred veterans of the Union armies, whose services the average politician and office-holder of this State don't want just now, but who, in a few months more, will be heard in unmistakable tones from San Diego to Del Norte.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
Feb. 27, 1876.

LETTER NO. XXI.

Conclusion of Our Pacific Coast Letters—The Departure from San Francisco—Cities, Towns, and Other Noticeable Points En Route—Incidents of the Return Journey—Narrow Escape from being Snow-bound in the Mountains—Cheerless Aspects of Mid-Winter Scenery—The Grand View at Sherman—Descent into the Fertile Plains of Nebraska, and Arrival in Illinois—Personals, Etc.



N the morning of the 4th instant, with a few friends who came to tell us "good bye," we took our leave of San Francisco. From the deck of the beautiful steamer *Oakland*, as we crossed the bay, we took one last look at the Golden Gate, and the cominerce of the world, as represented by the hundreds of vessels flying the flags of all nations, lying in the still waters of the most capacious and beautiful harbor on the surface of the globe.

Midway of the bay are the great docks of the Central Pacific railroad. Here we took the cars, and as we ran along, far out in the waters of the bay, we took a farewell view of the receding city—the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and the mistress of the trade and commerce of the mingled nations of the Orient and the Occident. On our left lay the

BEAUTIFUL CITY OF OAKLAND,

Embowered in its groves of live oaks and gorgeous gardens. Behind it, in solemn grandeur, lay the imposing Tamalpais mountains, while in front and to our left, elevated towards the clouds, were seen the grand outline of Mount Diablo.

At Brooklyn, nine miles from the city, we bade farewell to the good friends who had risen so early to accompany us across the bay. They returned by another train, while we set our faces to the distant East, and in a short time the city, the bay, Oakland—all—had passed from view.

The morning was one of the most charming that the human heart could desire. The sky was cloudless, the sun shone in all his splendor, and the air was that of June. The wheat stood in the fields a foot high, the grasses covered valley and plain, hill and mountain, while the flowers flashed in their red, blue and yellow sheen on all sides. It was amid such scenes as these that we penetrated the low mountains that lie around the eastern point of San Francisco Bay. The Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers were full, and had overflowed their banks, and appeared as little seas. Hundreds of thousands of acres of the low lands were submerged, and roaring torrents of water were foaming and rushing in all directions. Yet, along the narrow embankments and over the substantial trestle bridges, our overland train sped on until we reached the

CITY OF STOCKTON.

This city is situated near the junction of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, and is one of the gems of California. It was almost, if not entirely, surrounded by the waters of the two rivers, but was resting securely inside its well constructed dykes. At 3 o'clock we reached

SACRAMENTO.

It, too, was invested with the raging rivers, and was only protected from the recurrence of the disastrous submersion of former years by its broad and well constructed levees. Here we were met by Hon. Stephen H. Phillips, of San Francisco, at one time Attorney-General of Massachusetts, and afterwards, for many years, Attorney-General of the Sandwich Islands. He came to the station to say farewell. He is no relative of ours, but to him and his estimable wife we are indebted for a generous, refined and unstinted hospitality and friendship, that can never be forgotten, and which contributed much to our

happiness while in their city. Among men, Stephen H. Phillips, the Christian gentleman, the accomplished scholar, the able lawyer, and, above all, the warm-hearted friend, is one of the princes of the earth. Among the many good friends from whom we turned our faces that day, none is remembered with more earnest friendship than he.

From Sacramento, looking to the eastward, piled up towards the blue sky, and reflecting back the bright rays of the descending sun, could be seen

THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS.

Their snow-covered summits contrasted strongly with the world robed in green and blue and gold at our feet. At 6 o'clock we were at Colfax Station, and in mid-winter. A few miles east of Colfax we glided around the dizzy heights of Cape Horn, swept across a bridge so high as to make one giddy to look down, and we were struggling with the snows of the Sierras.

On the first of the month, the Hon. B. C. Cook, Solicitor in Chief of the Northwestern Railway Company, had returned to San Francisco from Santa Barbara, where he had taken his invalid wife and their daughter to remain until summer. He had come across in the elegant officers' car of the railway company, accompanied by his family physician and his wife, who were returning with him. He spent a portion of the day looking up the writer, to take him and his sick son home in his car; but we were up at Marysville, and failed to meet him. Returning the next day, we found he had left. The disappointment was very great in losing such an opportunity to get home, and have, at the same time, the company of such valued friends as Mr. Cook and Dr. Hard and his good wife. We resolved, however, to leave on the fourth of the month, and did so, as already stated.

AT COLFAX,

The telegraph operator told us that Mr. Cook's car had been caught in a snow shed near Summit Station, and had lain there, with the train to which it was attached, more than 40 hours,

and had gone on only a few hours before. Dr. Hard stated, afterwards, that had we been in the snow shed in their car, where they could get neither back nor forward, the shed being covered by a mountain of snow, the sick son of the writer would have died in a few hours. Mr. Cook, learning that we were following him so closely, telegraphed back that he would wait for us at Ogden. This was to us a matter of great satisfaction, as the cars we were in were not as comfortable as they ought to have been, and were cold and crowded. Near Summit Station, with the snow piled up to a depth I never saw equaled before anywhere, at 12 o'clock at night, our train ran

OFF THE TRACK

At the mouth of a snow shed, and we were detained some hours. The cold was intense, and one could hardly realize that 9 hours away there was green grass and flowers, and all the surroundings of early summer. In the morning we breakfasted at Reno, in the State of Nevada, having, amid the fiercest winter, taken our final leave of the State of California.

For more than 600 miles, from Colfax to Ogden, the world was covered with snow. The Humboldt range of mountains, lying along the river of that name, presented a dreary and wintry aspect; indeed, there was little through the whole distance across the Enclosed Basin, or Great American Desert, to interest any one.

AT OGDEN

We found Mr. Cook waiting for us. We were soon transferred to his magnificent car, and prepared for the long run of nearly 1,600 miles to Chicago. It is proper, here, and in this public manner, to acknowledge to Mr. Cook, so long known in Springfield as a Senator in the General Assembly, and for years a member of Congress from the Ottawa district, obligations which can never be discharged with money, and which will be remembered with gratitude while life shall last. An invalid, long almost helpless, amid the chilling winds of winter and with so long a distance before him to be passed upon the cars, has, at best, a not very inviting prospect. This was the con-

dition of one of our party at Ogden. Two days' travel from San Francisco, over the mountains and through the snow, in a cold drawing-room car, had already produced most painful results, and it is hardly probable that the remainder of the long journey could have been borne under the same conditions. But on board of the car of Mr. Cook were privacy, abundant room, good beds, and air and warmth suited to the worn-out invalid—and, more, an eminent physician and his devoted wife. These good, Christian people cared for the sick one as though he had been of their family, to the end of our journey. I have no words with which I can express to them my thanks. I can only hope that they may be rewarded here and hereafter for those kindly acts, that go so far to make one feel that, after all, there are in this cold, selfish and hardened world natures as pure and unselfish, in degree, as that which, on Calvary's Cross, filled the world with hope and opened up the shining way to the "Better Land."

From Ogden we swept up Weber river, among the Mormon settlements, through the indescribable grandeur of the

WASATCH MOUNTAINS.

The world was covered with snow, and the whiteness of the crested mountains almost dazzled the eyes. Passing from the Wasatch to the Rocky Mountains, the snow became less and less, and when we reached Sherman, the highest point between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, it had wholly disappeared. At Sherman, 8,240 feet above the ocean, we tarried only long enough to get a glimpse of

LONG'S AND PIKE'S PEAKS,

Lying far off to the south-east, with their summits almost wholly resting in the clouds. Here, again, as on going out, I was impressed with the sublime glory of these wonderful monuments of Infinite Power. At no other place between the oceans is there such a sense of loneliness and utter desolation as in this portion of the Rocky Mountains. I do not think that men will ever gather in large numbers in these barren, awful and desolate regions. They are to remain forever as the

realms of nature in her grand overwhelming power, wild, and free from man's control.

THE DESCENT

From Sherman to Cheyenne is very rapid. Hills and plains and valleys were swiftly passed until we stood on the platform at the foot of the mountains, and looked back at them resting in their eternal silence and grandeur, piled up like dark clouds against the western horizon.

During the early part of the evening of the 7th we crossed the line of Wyoming Territory, and passed into

THE STATE OF NEBRASKA.

From this point we bade farewell to mountain peaks and crags and cañons, to rocks and hills, sage brush and barren wastes, to treeless plains, to waterless rivers, to land without grass or green thing. Here we saw old-fashioned prairie grass, and bright rippling streams that do not run dry in a few weeks; nay, more: we began to see corn fields and farms of the olden style. In the morning we were in Central Nebraska, and the eye again rested on the happy homes, spread out in countless acres, of the brave pioneers of 1856.

In the evening we reached

OMAHA.

Our troubles about the transit from Omaha to the junction near Council Bluffs were not so great as when we came out, as we had our own car and could stay in it. Still, we were detained two hours.

Our passage through Iowa was mostly in the night, and early on the morning of the 9th we crossed the Mississippi on the beautiful bridge that spans the river at Clinton, and again breathed the air of our native, grand, glorious

ILLINOIS.

Tell me not that, on this broad earth, there is a better or prouder home for man than this good old Sucker State. From her soil spring the corn, the wheat, the oats, the bar-

ley, the rye and the grasses, that are worth more than all the gold and silver dug from the mines of the Comstock Lode. The wealth of the State is equally distributed, and the children of toil have a chance in the race of life. Here men are content with honest toil, and the food and raiment it brings to them and those given to them. They do not have to purchase their few acres of land, and buy from a grasping monopolist the water that will fertilize the soil. The rains of heaven come free to all. It rains on the just and unjust, alike. They may have to meet the wintry blast, but it thickens their blood, hardens their muscles, and gives them the ruddy glow of manly health. They have their bright and budding spring, their golden-sheaved summer, and the jolly days of autumn's harvest home.

Here, in this imperial State, are our gathered millions, with their cities, towns, villages and happy country homes. Here are our churches, our school houses and all else pertaining to a refined, settled, permanent Christian civilization. Who wants to exchange it for some place "Out West?" "Go West, Young Man." Well, go. Penetrate all the mountains, valleys and cañons; traverse the treeless, trackless plains; ramble from New Mexico to Northern Montana, and then from there penetrate Idaho, and go to Utah, Nevada and Arizona; ramble all over California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska, and at last you will come back and confess that Illinois is worth them all.

At 3:40 P. M. on the 9th, we reached Chicago—just six months to a day from the time we left for the Pacific Coast. I need not say we were glad to again look upon the great commercial city of the Northwest. Its very mud seemed precious in our eyes. And then—again at home! Our wanderings have been long, and sometimes our eyes were turned to the east, and we wondered when our feet should again pass the portals of our distant earthly resting place. But here we are!

To the greetings of our friends, and for the cordial welcome back to the place of our appointed labor, for the words of sympathy and kindly regret in our failure to secure returning health for a son soon to pass away, we can only say, repressing

almost uncontrollable emotion, we thank you, and may God bless you all !

Here closes a series of letters, written often under circumstances and amid surroundings which precluded the possibility of their being even read after they were written, rendering them necessarily imperfect to a degree often, afterwards, most painfully felt. And yet the many kindly words of commendation which have come from intelligent readers of *The Journal* emboldens me to hope that they have not been wholly unacceptable to many, whose approval and personal friendship are worth more to me than all else.

AT HOME, *March 23, 1876.*

